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EVE'S WEEKLY

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WHAT IS
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MECHANIC
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COOKING
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AND
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CHRYSAL

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New

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIII NO. 46 BOMBAY NOV. 17 — 23, 1979

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J. C. JAIN

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STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS: EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BY J. C. JAIN AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

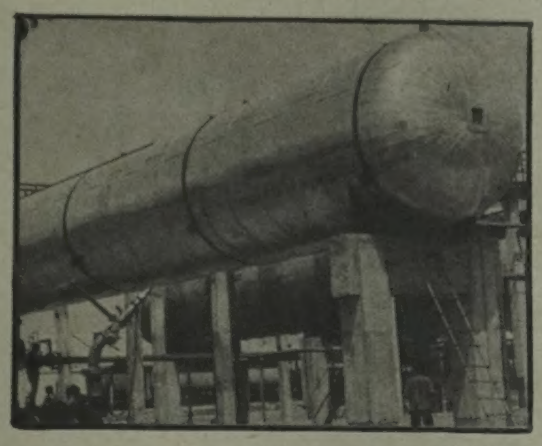
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland Rs. 85.
Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

THE FUEL FAMINE

The average middle-class person can look forward to a long, gloomy 1980. And one of the major reasons contributing to the gloom is the expected escalation in the already high prices of petrol and other products refined from crude oil. An analysis of the situation.

Page 10.



THE HOME FIRES

Liquefied Petroleum Gas, or cooking gas, is the best domestic fuel 'available' to us. The problem is that all too often it is not available at all. What is going on behind the scenes? A report.

Page 15.

THE SON SYNDROME

It is natural and exciting to speculate on the sex of the baby-to-come, but too much of a premium is put on sons in this country and the resulting pressures on expectant mothers is unnecessarily traumatic, says a mother of three daughters.

Page 47.

IS DIVORCE THE ANSWER?

The incidence of family break-ups, especially in urban centres, has increased so considerably that the reality of families headed by women alone must be recognized. A report based on an extensive survey in Delhi.

Page 53.

ALSO

Understanding Mechanics : Know your two-wheeler — **Page 61** Helpful Seasons' Greetings : Contribute to the IYC while you greet your friends — **Page 24** Eve Today : Justice Janakiamma, of the Kerala High Court — **Page 39** Film Interview: Neetu Singh, quitting films for good — **Page 45** "Anklets for Chinni" : A story for children — **Page 57.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty Bulletin/**19**, Book Nook/**23**, That's a Laugh/**27**, Comics/**29**, Short Story/**31**, Fashion/**36**, Cookery/**41**, Hiya Honey/**67**, People & Events/**68**, Horoscope/**70.**

It's his year... he deserves a special gift...

The Gift of Intelligence

"Mummy, why do birds fly?"
"Daddy, why can't we touch the sky?"
"Why doesn't it hurt when you cut my hair?"

To children, the world is full of mysteries and miracles. Don't shrug off their questions. They look trustingly to you to solve them. For wonder and curiosity are signs of intelligence.

Answer them with patience and understanding—putting yourself in their place. Seeing the problem through their eyes. To them it seems very big, very real.

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Carona Cares

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in the International Year of the Child.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

WELCOME, THIEF!

As a person born and brought up in Delhi, I feel that it is unfair to call Delhi an unsafe place to live in. Any city will be unsafe if housewives are careless. Four years ago when my husband was transferred to Calcutta, I was frightened to go, hearing of the lawlessness prevailing there. We went, however, and spent a very happy, incidentless, three years. Of course, we followed certain rules of safety, like opening the door only after verifying the caller and his purpose, not carrying too much cash around and not wearing elaborate jewellery. The latter only invites the attention of a potential criminal. The price of gold being what it is, jewellery is an easy source of cash to a snatcher and I feel it is foolish for us women to carry it on our persons like that.

I would like to cite an example of carelessness. A neighbour of mine opened the door to a caller the other day. The man said that he had been sent from "X Road" by her mother-in-law and that if she wanted some flower pots she could give him the money for them. The lady went into her bedroom, brought the cash and gave it to him. She then forgot the incident completely. You can imagine her surprise when a week later the same man was brought to her house in handcuffs. The policeman with him informed my neighbour that he had walked off with her mixer/grinder while she had gone in to get the money. It seems the man used to loiter outside our lane and had heard her talking to her friends. He had also struck up friendships with some servants on the block — thus he was able to say where her in-laws lived and also knew that she needed flower pots. It is to the credit of the police that her mixer-grinder was returned to her, when she thought all along that she had given it for repairs!

H. KAUSHAL, New Delhi

She only lost her cash and her mixer — with a little less luck she could have lost her life. Many housewives are shockingly careless and gullible, true. But what is happening in Delhi today, especially with women and children, cannot be denied.

2nd PRIZE

CHEATING GALORE

Nowadays it has become the norm for retail shop keepers, well-known stores, and also hawkers selling on footpaths, to demand whatever price they like. The other day I went to purchase a 500-gms packet of Amul butter; a well-known store at Bombay Central told me it was Rs. 12.35 for the packet, I went a furlong ahead and another store offered the same for Rs. 11.90 — a difference of 45 paise between two well-known stores, situated close to each other. The same thing happened when I went to purchase green peas. Such a difference in price!

During the Emergency, all traders were forced to fix up Price Boards outside their shops, as also the vegetable sellers, and it is high time that both the Maharashtra Government, and the Municipal Corporation of Greater Bombay, forced all retail traders, storekeepers, and vegetable stalls in the municipal markets to fix up price boards, showing the retail price of the goods they are selling. This is bound to force all of them to sell their goods at the same price.

Another thing I have noticed is that the weights used by hawkers are 10 to 15 per cent less in actual weight—i.e. if you buy one kilo, you will actually get only 850 to 900 grams. Also, the purchasers of old newspapers cheat their customers by 10 to 20 per cent, therefore one should always get the stocks weighed in some other shop, and then give them to the old newspaper buyers.

T. P. SETHNA, Bombay

Discover a cheat's methods and he'll switch to new ones! So, we all have to be on our toes and try to be one-ahead of the cheats. Ah, for some good fairy to give us the gains of the Emergency, without its ills!

3rd PRIZE

YOUNG ADULTS

A group of children, all below 11 years, were apprehended for the murder of a playmate, with whom they had fallen out. In this Year of the Child, the court was at a loss as to what punishment to mete out to the very juvenile murderers.

And in the IYC the relevant question one needs must pose is: what is the definition of the word, 'child'? As it pertains to today's generation, is the child an extinct species? Today's child is sans the thing called innocence; or at least they don't stay that way for long. They know all the answers to questions the adults dare not ask. Tell them the story of the stork and the rose bush. Bet you, there won't be any takers. Tell them about fairies and talking animals and witches and elves, and they'll think you are daft in the head! Man's scientific quest has robbed them of even the illusion that the moon is a fairy lamp in the sky. Boys no longer get a kick out of playing at being a bus conductor or engine driver, girls no longer play at rocking babies, they only dress up to kill. It's a fast pace, in an environment that reeks of sex, violence, debauchery, and it rubs off on the kids. In fact children are not children, but young adults, who have skipped the childhood phase without being in it, or of it. More's the pity!

HYMA BAL, Tellicherry

Sad, but true. Children are doing too much, too soon. The "pleasures of childhood" seems to be some ancient phrase, now. All we can do is remember that bellies have to be filled, heads have to be sheltered and minds have to be nourished — maybe, we can still salvage the situation.

PART-TIME SCHOOLS

Why do many intellectuals insist that having the school in two shifts lowers the standard of education? So long as the number of hours put in are the same, I feel the shift system is the better of the two. Let us analyse the situation.

A full day scholar wakes up late (as most children are prone to) and spends the major part of the day at school. It is evening by the time he returns and rushes out to play outdoor games. After dark it's homework time; this leaves him with little or no time to spend with the family or for indoor activity. By contrast, the child going to morning school wakes up early, is home for lunch and has all afternoon to do his homework. By evening he is free for outdoor games and to spend some time with the family. Similarly the child going to the afternoon shift has all morning for outdoor games and homework.

All in all, I feel the shift system will benefit scholars while at the same time solving the problem of insufficient schools.

PISCES, Bombay

The full day school is burdensome on both children and parents. There is just no time for extra-curricular activities or family participation. This is where the residential schools score, though, of course, they have the advantage of having all activities — scholastic or otherwise — on the campus. It is time day schools, too, revised their schedules in some appropriate manner.

WHAT DOES 1980 HOLD FOR YOU?

Freedom & Beauty!

EVE'S ANNUAL '79

Daring looks to lead you astray!

Be free on the beaches of Goa

Newest concepts in Eye Care

Choose your love Partner with the help of Zodiac Signs

Eat your way to Health and Beauty

Freedom from Unwanted Pregnancies

Edited by
SHANTI CHOPRA

COMING OUT SOON

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

UNEQUAL STATUS QUO

Kamlesh Nischol's "The Great Decision" (September 29) has clearly brought out some of the factors responsible for the continuing subordinate state of women in our society. In my opinion, parents are largely to blame for the present state of affairs, wherein the girl has to play a secondary role to the boy. The unequal status quo is consciously and unconsciously maintained in the upbringing of children.

Now that the number of educated women has increased and many have taken up jobs too, it is the duty of these fortunate few to take up cudgels against the existing system. As a parent, the present-day woman should set an example by bringing up her children to understand that man and woman are complementary to each other.

SHANTA DYUTHIKAR, Neyveli.

MATURE THINKING

It was indeed very encouraging to read Sunil Jhaveri's short piece on the Young Viewpoint page (September 29). At least our youngsters have started suggesting that women are capable of getting into fields like management, tourism, catering, advertising, etc. which were previously accessible only to men. I particularly appreciate his mature thinking when he says education "can act as a buffer in times of crises" for women. It is not very uncommon to find many widows bearing the humiliation of their parents and in-laws just because they are not qualified enough to find respectable jobs and become economically independent. In any case, being qualified and taking up a job, even when life is smooth, is rightly said to be an asset. It certainly adds to the personality of a woman, makes her more confident, secure and sure. I really wish that women **would** pull up their socks fast.

GURMEET K. ARORA, Ludhiana.

COUPONS GALORE

There are a number of coupons appearing in Eve's Weekly — either for the Cookery contest or for the "Win-a-Wardrobe" and "Win Lucky Prizes" series. Children cut these out as soon as the magazine comes, thus spoiling some important article or the other. Please print such coupons on the reverse side of an advertisement page.

B. S. PARMAR, Ambernath.

COVER GIRLS

I have been a regular reader of your magazine for the past ten years but I notice that the cover girl is usually a girl from a rich family studying in a mod school/college (except for the odd exception). I do not know on what basis you choose the cover girls but a magazine like yours, which writes wonderful articles about liberty, equality etc, could make a middle/lower class family very happy by selecting some of their near and dear ones for your magazine cover.

K. NIRMALA, Hyderabad.

CORRECTION

The cover photograph of our last issue, dated November 10, 1979, was of Audrey Evans, and not Sadhana Shahani. The photograph was taken by Dhiraj Chawda. We regret the error.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF NOV. 24

PROFESSIONAL COURSES

Short-term career-training courses are sprouting up all over the place. How good are these professional courses? Do they help you get a job? Do they really train you for a job? A discussion with students and organizers.

PARTY IDEAS

A children's party needn't be expensive or elaborate to be unique. A guide to extra-special parties, in the preparation for which the kids themselves can be actively involved.

SEX AROND THE WORLD

A discussion with wives of foreign diplomats on the sexual mores of their countries.

CHILD LABOUR

An extensive study reveals fresh facts.

WIN-A-WARDROBE

Your second last chance to collect coupons for the fabulous Eve's Weekly/ Sophistication Boutique fashion lucky dip.

Plus all our regular features.

THE FUEL FAMINE

Lakshmi Narayan

For the middle-class, 1980 is likely to be long and gloomy, financially speaking. A major reason is the expected escalation of the already high prices of petrol, diesel, kerosene and other products refined from crude oil. And the hike will affect not only private car owners and users of taxis, but everyone, across the board, because the cost of public transport and the prices of essential commodities are closely tied up with these products

Anuradha drives to school every Wednesday morning with five children in her car and picks them up in the evening. But only one child is hers. The rest are picked up on the way. This is the housewives' car pool that has been operating in Bandra for the past two years. Every day, a different housewife uses her car to take the children to school....

Surendra lives at Andheri, 24 kilometres from his office. There was a time when he also belonged to a car pool at the beginning of this year, but now he finds it cheaper to be dropped at the station by his wife and walks briskly from Churchgate to his office in the Fort area. "The exercise is good for my muscles," he laughs.

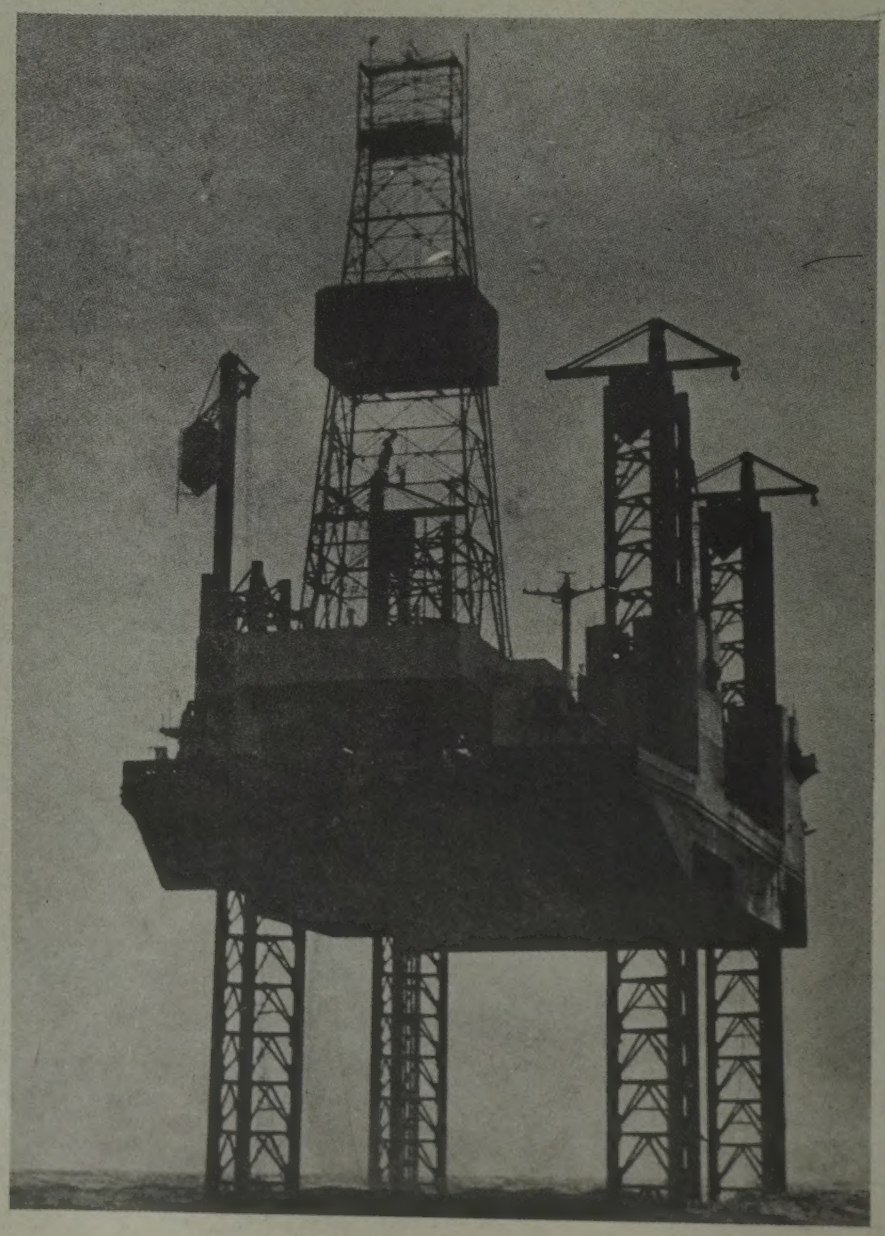
Raman is a field officer. His newly nationalised company has cut his travel allowance by half. Instead of inspecting all the pumps under him by car, he stifles his conscience and does the work over the phone, visiting the pumping stations only once a month or so.

All three have something in common. They are trying to wage a battle against the spiralling petroleum prices... and not succeeding too well. Because every time they think of a scheme to reduce petrol consumption, the prices are jacked up again.

According to experts, we are right now sitting on a time bomb that is remorselessly ticking away towards the election in January next year. As soon as the new government takes its oath one of its first actions would be to hike up the petrol prices again.

At one time, the middle class dream used to be two little kids, a small house and a car. In cities like Bombay, where several, highly educated young couples are living a dismal life as perpetual paying guests, the children have been reduced to one or none; the house has given place to a flatlet to be bought with one's entire savings, or the hope that one might be transferred out of the city; and the car, of course, has not been replaced by the taxi but by a combination of a first class train (which is so crowded that one has literally to take turns breathing. As a cynic put it, the only difference between a first class and a second class is the smell of the sweat.) and a long, enduring place in the bus queue.

Even here, the common man has been subjected to several rude shocks. Last year, Government arbitrarily raised the price of the local train passes by 100 per cent. Sustained agitation by the commuters brought it down to 50 per cent. The Maharashtra Government has already agreed in principle to raise the BEST undertakings bus fares by 17 per cent sometime next year.



It is no use discussing whether it was Mrs. Gandhi's government or the Janata rule that has caused prices to spiral. It is a combination of unexpected world events and bad planning on the part of succeeding governments in India that has caused the mess.

In a way, for no fault of India's we are paying the price for the white man's greed. For years, American and British companies, empire builders in their own right, were collecting oil from the Gulf and paying a megre royalty to the Arabs. They were a law unto themselves and distributed the oil as they pleased, by forming cartels of their own.

Arab resentment of this exploitation simmered under the surface. But with the increased national pride in the newly formed countries, many of them actively began to plan what could be done about the situation. The last straw was when Israel, the traditional enemy of the Arabs for the past 30 years, began receiving Arab fuel (refined in the USA) from the oil companies to wage war against the Arabs! In 1973, all oil companies were nationalised, the shares went to the natives, and the Arabs decided what they were going to do with their oil...and their new found wealth.

By late 1973, India had begun to feel the brunt of the oil warfare and diplomacy. Petrol, which was selling at Rs. 1.66 a litre in Sept. 1973, went up to Rs.2.82 by Dec. 1973 and is crossing Rs. 4.43 a litre today. Correspondingly, cab meters have gone up from Re. 1 to Rs. 2.15 at starting point. Indications are that by March 1980, Petrol prices are going to touch an all time high of Rs. 5.50 a litre and cab meters will read Rs. 3 as soon as you get into the taxi.

India today needs to import at least 18 million tonnes of crude oil. We are able to get barely 12 to 14 million tonnes every year. By the end of this decade, the estimated demand is somewhere around 75 million tonnes. From where are we going to get it and who is going to pay for it? Of all the crude

---

The production at Bombay High does not match our national requirements even fractionally.

oil imported, only five per cent is used for petroleum. Of this five per cent, more than three-quarters is used to run government vehicles, another large slice for company owned cars and a drop is left for the common, middle class individual who owns a car, to be used only when going to that occasional party.

As a young executive put it, "It seems like the good old days were last week. The price increase has just taken my breath away. Not so long ago a gang of us would push off every weekend to Pune, Khandala or even to Mahabaleshwar. Since the price of food, drinks, accommodation and petrol was split equally amongst us, it never amounted to more than Rs. 50 each. Even after it reached Rs. 100 per person, we persisted in enjoying ourselves once a fortnight. Today if I have to drop a girl home by car or cab after a movie I curse silently to myself."

Petrol is only part of the problem. One can keep one's car at home and hope that once it is old enough one can sell it to a museum as an antique piece. One can gnash one's teeth when the bus doesn't arrive, sweat profusely in a train, but still reach in time for work. But what does one do when the price of every petroleum based product also goes up?

When Sushila went to buy tomatoes two months ago, she was staggered to hear that they cost Rs. 8 a kilo! "I've never come away buying just 100 grams tomatoes in my life," she says in shocked tones.

Among other things, the price of diesel has gone up from Re. 1 in 1974 to Rs. 1.43 today and is expected to go up to Rs. 1.70 a litre by early next year. Lest one sighs and thinks that diesel is reasonably priced, it is good to be reminded that it is so only because the government subsidises this commodity heavily. Diesel internationally costs around Rs. 2 a litre and we sell it in the home market for about Rs. 1.50. Even here, the scarcity is so acute that diesel is never available when you need it. The story is ditto for kerosene.

One petrol bunkwallah, who receives 4,000 litres of diesel per month against his demand of 25,000 litres, explains the price rise of vegetables and other farm commodities. "Diesel is used for trucks and for trains as a means of transportation to bring the products to the urban market. Diesel pumps are used in the farms to generate water and electricity. Although in theory, diesel is available for Rs. 1.43 a litre, the truth is that supply falls so short of demand that there is a roaring blackmarket in diesel oil which sells for Rs. 4 to Rs. 6 a litre. Long distance trucks with all-India permits, travelling say, from Bombay to Kanyakumari, will stop on the way at a farm and unload some of the diesel from its massive tanks for Rs. 6 a litre. The smaller farmer who cannot afford the exorbitant rates has a dry pump. And the larger farmer of course passes on the extra cost to the consumer, that helpless sucker who finally is forced to foot the bill."

The rich and the super rich continue having their fun. Expensive, out of season cherries and peaches in Bombay's posh Warden Road get sold out within the day, women in flashy Toyotas are still buying parsley and celery from Crawford market and Mahabaleshwar, Pune and the racecourses are still packed to capacity with merry-makers. It is only the honest, simple salaried man who is left out in the cold. As one man said bitterly, "They have put a premium on dishonesty in this country."

According to Mr. K. R. Dasgupta, Chairman of the Indian Oil Corporation, there was a sharp fall in oil consumption in 1974 when the prices shot up, so the government automatically assumed that the demand would grow only by five per cent every year. With the sudden growth of industries in India the government was taken unawares by the fantastic demand for oil and its by-products.

"Rubbish," retorted an industrialist, "The problem is that we have never had the same Minister in the oil and petroleum ministry long enough to formulate a long term policy. When every other country was 'indenting' the price (a term which means that the buying country entered into a long term contract with an oil producing country and paid the same amount of dollars per barrel throughout that period) for two or three years, we did no such thing. Therefore, when we suddenly didn't get enough barrels of oil, we did 'spot' buying in the international market and bought the same barrel of oil for $24 instead of the original price of $14."

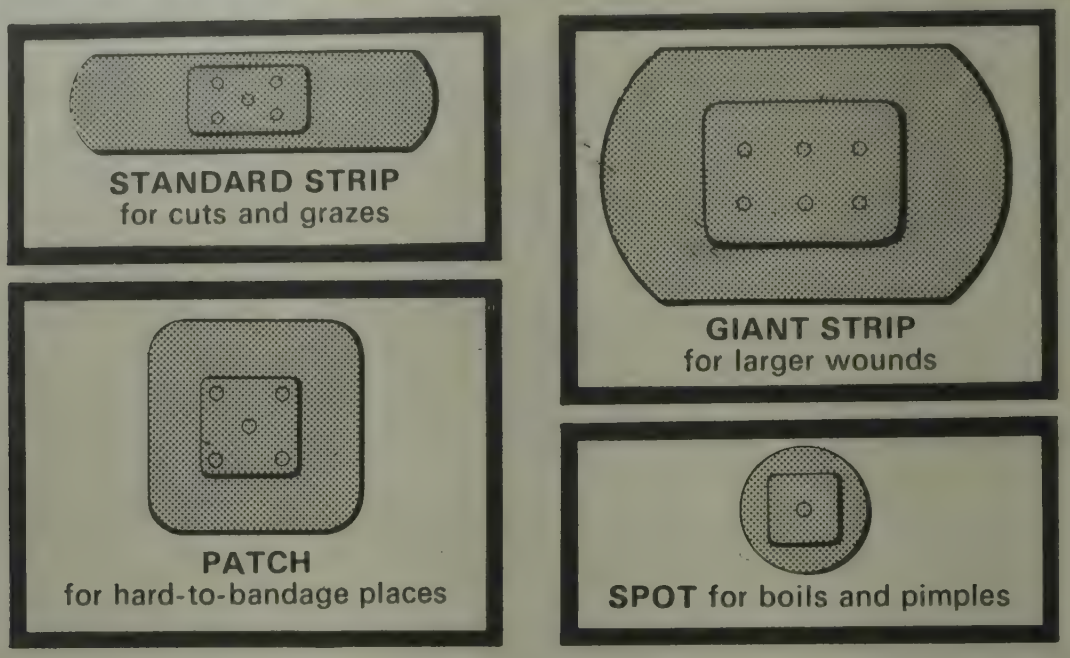
In order to discourage the average Indian from using his

ABOVE: The alarming rise in the prices of vegetables and other farm products is closely connected with the price of diesel.

RIGHT: Even public transport will become more expensive as the cost of fuel goes up.

Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

So do BAND-AID Dressings



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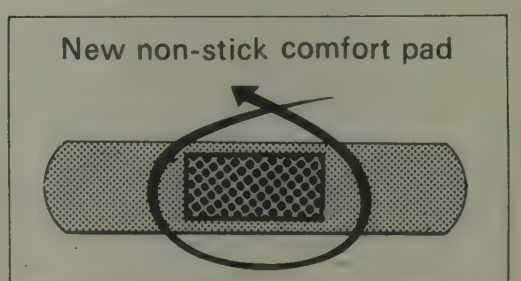
Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



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Protect against infection with BAND-AID BRAND Dressings

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Johnson & Johnson

THE FUEL FAMINE

own car, the whole tax structure on petrol is punitive. The following breakdown speaks for itself: Early this year petrol cost Rs. 4.04 per litre. Of this, the actual company cost of the petrol was only 86 paise, Rs. 2.70 was excise duty, 5 paise was the dealer's margin and 43 paise was sales tax and octroi. "At least in the developed world, one can say that people lavishly guzzled gas, but can you accuse the penny pinching Indian of the same crime?" complained an executive.

India's import bill for oil is expected to shoot up from Rs. 3,500 crores to Rs. 4,000 crores next year, which means it will swallow up more than half the country's export earnings. We have indented for oil only up to the end of this year. What we are going to do next year is anybody's guess. Besides, the OPEC (Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries) has deliberately cut down on oil production so that their reserves will last for a longer time. With the internal turmoil in Iran, another valuable source of oil has been cut drastically. Next year, there just won't be enough crude available in the world to pass around.

The Indian government is making efforts to tap non-traditional suppliers like Mexico, Venezuela, Indonesia and Algeria. We have even gone to the extent of asking China for its oil although it is not suited to our refineries. A complicated scheme is in the process of being worked out by the government by which we will buy the unsuitable crude from China and swap it for suitable crude from a country like Japan, which is technologically advanced enough to refine and use the Chinese oil.

It is now almost certain that in 1980 there is going to be a severe rationing of petrol, diesel and kerosene. Kerosene has all but disappeared from the market, or is selling in the open market at Rs. 4 a litre against the official price of Rs. 1.40. This means that while the honest will suffer even more, the blackmarketeers are going to thrive.

Mr. Dasgupta has suggested that the railways should be improved instead of the roadways. According to him, the railway consumed only one-sixth the amount of diesel consumed by trucks to carry the same tonnage. All that is very well. But one can't help remembering the dismal performance of the railways when Maharashtra had to virtually shut down all production as there was no coal in the power stations. The railways were blamed for this, as the coal laden wagons had "mysteriously" disappeared. The situation has not improved dramatically since then.

India has vast reserves of coal. He suggests that we must increase our coal production substantially. But the nationalised coal mines are in such a mess that this seems like a pipe-dream.

Much talk has been going on about inventing an alcohol-petrol fuel that would be cheaper to run, at a ratio of 80:20. But alcohol at the moment is made out of cane sugar and maize which are both very expensive. The only answer seems to be to make alcohol out of molasses (which is a by-product of the sugar industry) which is cheaper. But the question would still be, are we capable of manufacturing enough alcohol to satisfy our massive need for petrol? The answer is frankly in the negative.

It seems more practical to improve our car technology. Most of the Indian cars have outmoded engine designs that are more than 30 years old. If we change the engines to the newer models available abroad, it is estimated that petrol consumption can be reduced to one-third of what it is today. If cars have lighter bodies as they do abroad, it will put less strain on the engine.

Indians run their 15- and 20-year-old buses and cars instead of consigning them to the junk heap. Of course, the reason is that we simply cannot afford to buy new cars. A brand new Fiat today costs Rs. 52,000. But certain gadgets like microelectric chips are available abroad, which ensure that fuel pumps work properly and waste less petrol. India should import these gadgets in the beginning and then manufacture them indigenously.

One point raised by many laymen is, what happened to all that crude oil from Bombay High? The truth is that originally, some of it was of such good quality that we exported it. Secondly, the production there does not match our national requirements even fractionally.

The average middle class housewife, already made to tighten her sari pallav around her waist for the past six years by rising prices of every available commodity, can now look forward to a long, gloomy 1980. Petrol prices will be so hiked up that going by car will become a luxury. At the same time, it is difficult to keep the car parked because maintenance costs of a non-running car amount to a good Rs. 400 a month, taxes and insurance included. Diesel, which is subsidised, will cost more, which means public transport will also be more expensive.

Since farm pumps and industrial generators run on diesel, the cost of practically every article will go up in the market. Lorryloads bringing fruits and vegetables from the rural to the urban areas will also have a higher price for their products. Kerosene prices will also go up accordingly. But the worst part will be the scarcity of petrol, diesel and kerosene, which will encourage a flourishing trade in the black market for all these items. Those travelling long distance will also be affected. Train travel will become more expensive and there is already a move to raise the price of plane tickets by 30 per cent.

So if you are still wondering how all those army vehicles are whizzing past you and the air force planes are zooming over your head, India has a fat defence budget every year. Petrol is always available to the defence forces and one does not even know from where it is bought and how much is paid for it, although it is widely believed that it comes from Soviet Russia and Iraq. While one can't question the need to ensure the nation's safety from invaders, it is hoped that large amounts of this fuel will not be misused by government officers and service personnel, for they are a law unto themselves and cannot be questioned by mere civilians like us, although we, as tax payers, are footing the bill.

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KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

LPG, or cooking gas, is the most efficient, convenient, clean domestic fuel 'available' in the country. But, as everyone knows, there is a heavy premium on this product, as there is, here, on every other good and useful product.

Of all the petroleum products refined from crude oil, like petrol, diesel, kerosene, and turpentine, LPG (Liquefied Petroleum Gas) is the most prized by the housewife. LPG is the lightest refined commercial product. Known simply as domestic gas, it is also the cheapest, cleanest and best fuel in the country. But like everything else, there is a premium on this product, too.

More than 25 years ago, gas companies like Burmah Shell and Esso (which were then not nationalised) literally had to seduce the suspicious housewife to switch from kerosene to cooking gas. There are still some lucky souls in India who paid a deposit of Rs. 25 to obtain LPG. Today, even if you are willing to pay the steep deposit, domestic gas is not available.

In fact, until early last year, the petroleum companies had stopped accepting applications for gas cylinders because the backlog in some areas like Bombay stretched to more than 10 years. There has been a shortage of LPG in the country for many years. Some believed that valves and cylinders are not freely available, but in truth these have been manufactured in India for quite some time now. The basic reason is a shortage of the gas itself.

For example, last year, HP (Hindustan Petroleum) was manufacturing 70,000 tonnes of LPG when the demand was for 74,000 tonnes. Which meant that far from giving new connections, the petroleum companies were hardly in a position to meet the demands of the users who already possessed cylinders. This is why users had very often to wait for more than a week to get their cylinder refill.

Then suddenly, late last year, word got around that applications were being processed again. The number of applications which had trickled down to a mere four or five a day in Bombay, snowballed to a mighty 700 a day in the offices of Hindustan Petroleum alone. The reason for this was a project called cat dē bot (catalytic de-bottlenecking) which is an expansion of secondary processing facilities. By this, the yield of LPG increased by 16,000 tonnes. There are great expectations from Bombay High, which is supposed to yield 160,000 tonnes of gas. In anticipation, an ambitious plan was launched on April 15 last year by which three lakh gas connections will be given to consumers in the next two years. HP has a quota of 1.25 lakhs; Indian Oil, 1.10 lakh and Bharat Petroleum, 65,000 gas cylinders.

For about six months, there was a stampede to register one's name for a gas cylinder. HP, for instance, has set up a separate project named OLGA (Over a Lakh Gas Allotment) to deal exclusively with LPG applications and their processing. The project has now been computerised so that people cannot cheat and jump the queue.

According to Mr. K. R. Dasgupta, Chairman of Indian Oil Corporation, a number of LPG projects are about to be commissioned simultaneously within the next two years at Koyali, Bombay and Mathura. This will enable several lakh new customers to get LPG cylinders. Till then, LPG will be imported as part of a seeding programme for distribution. A cushion will also be built into future gas bookings to avoid the present phenomenon of having to wait for several days for a refill. In fact, Government, it is said, wants more people to switch over to LPG because it can then save a huge amount in foreign exchange which is now being spent to buy kerosene. Kerosene sells between Rs. 2 and Rs. 3 a litre in international markets, but since it's a "poor man's fuel" it is heavily subsidised by Government.

When a petroleum corporation official was questioned about what was done with the huge reserves of money the companies have accumulated over the years by charging such a large deposit for the cylinders, he was tight lipped. Another official's explanation was sketchy: "We have to repair the cylinders (which are made of reinforced steel) every five years and replace them every 15 years. Besides, there are people who paid only a deposit of Rs. 25 and Government has not allowed us to increase it. A lot of the money is spent to meet overheads. After all, the LPG is brought from refineries in remote areas to the towns."

This is all very well, but the price of refills have also gone up dramatically. Today, it costs from between Rs. 30 to Rs. 33 a refill. Last year, it cost just Rs. 25. And there is every indication that prices will go up even further next year.

It is also obvious that enough planning has not gone into keeping LPG reserves. One week of strike in a factory, or a leak in another, means that the consumer does not get her refill for at least a fortnight.

There are other problems, too. Apart from jumping the queue by using "pull," unscrupulous agents give out cylinders at fancy prices to certain people who are not even registered for gas. And the one for whom the refill is legitimately meant, sits and cools her heels in frustration. Agency men also have their favourite customers who tip them generously.

The basic reason for the crisis in domestic gas supply today is the shortage of the gas itself. The LPG bulle at the Gujarat Refinery.

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KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

There is a stipulation that a previous gas connection automatically makes application for a second cylinder invalid. The only way this can be proved is by looking at the ration card, which is supposed to register the fact that one has a gas connection. This is very seldom done by the gas companies. Therefore it is not uncommon to see many families enjoying two gas cylinders while the neighbours, who have been on the waiting list for more than five years, have none. This kind of cheating has been further aggravated by the fact that refills do not arrive on time and the working woman goes into a frenzy of worry as the maidservant refuses to cook on kerosene for the interim period. Besides, when one is used to the quickness of LPG, kerosene takes ages to cook one's food.

Another problem is that gas distribution has been carved up zonally between HP, BP, and IOC. So, if a person in Bangalore who is using Indian Oil gas gets transferred to Bombay, she does not get her connection immediately. Instead, she is put on a waiting list. Only when a person leaves Bombay (who perhaps has an HP cylinder) and settles in Bangalore is a "swap" arranged. This sometimes takes up to a year.

Since Bombay High is a tricky proposition and so many new cylinders are being given out on the assumption that LPG is going to flow like water from here, one wonders what will happen if this source dries up. To which an official replied: "We can't go back on our promise once the deposit is collected and the cylinders given. We'll just have to import the LPG at an enormous loss of our foreign exchange reserves."

Well, the housewife has been assured of an adequate supply of LPG for the next three years at least. But will Government live up to its promise, or will a man like Mr. Charan Singh (if he is elected) expect us to use **gobar** (dung) instead, so that the farmer and the cow benefit from it!

L. N.

LPG IS EASY-TO-USE, CLEAN AND ECONOMICAL — IF IT IS USED PROPERLY. IT CAN BE A FIREBOMB IF USED CARELESSLY

Cooking gas is by far the most convenient fuel available for use in the kitchen. It is clean and easy to use. Its flame can be adjusted easily and quickly and it is also perhaps the most economical in urban areas where it is used the most. Its use in our country started only two decades back. It has since been gradually and continuously replacing coal and firewood and even piped gas. Cooking gas, or LPG the acronym for Liquefied Petroleum Gas, however, often leads to kitchen fires and explosions that take a regular toll of life and property. A little care can avoid such tragedies.

The annual report for 1977-78 of the Department of Explosives, Ministry of Industry, Government of India, mentions that in 1976-77 and 1977-78, reports of accidents related to LPG were 50 and 46 respectively, in which, in 1976-77, 26 persons were killed and 74 persons injured while during the next year, 19 persons were killed and 47 persons were injured. The report frankly admits that all accidents are not reported to the Department.

The report also gives a description of some typical accidents. Two delivery men in Lucknow were carrying refills on their cycles for delivery to customers. En route, they stopped at their huts for food and took the cylinders inside the hut. There was a sudden fire in the hut in which one was killed and the other injured. It seemed that there was leakage of gas from the cylinder which caught fire from a live oven in the hut. If the cylinders had been properly checked and their defects rectified, there would not have been any accident.

In Simla, in a restaurant, an explosion of an LPG cylinder led to a fire that burnt to death five persons. There was also loss of property to the tune of Rs. 2.5 lakhs. The actual cause of the explosion and the consequent fire could not be established.

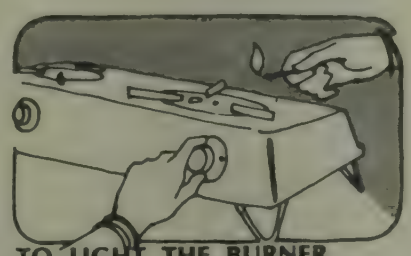
In a flat at Santacruz, in Bombay, one man died of burns and five others were injured at about midnight. The cause was LPG leakage which accumulated near the base of the refrigerator. When the accumulated gas came in contact with a spark from the refrigerator, there was an explosion and fire which led to the death and injuries.

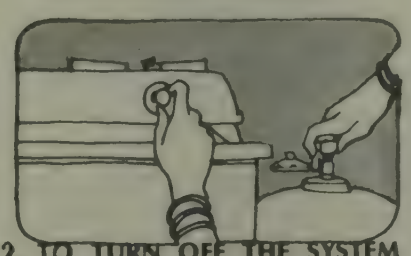
It is to be expected that the use of LPG will gradually increase. In fact, its use would have spread much more rapidly if there was enough of LPG available. It is not only used in households but also in a large way in industrial and commercial kitchens, workshops and laboratories and even in small roadside repair shops. LPG would serve its purpose much better if it could perform without the mishaps and accidents that are becoming a regular feature. This ultimately depends on its users who should know how to handle it properly.

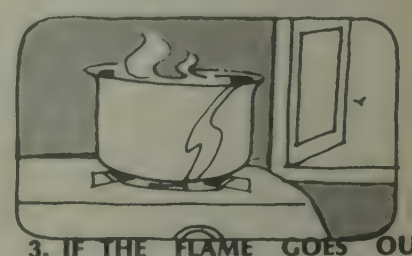
In the annual report of the Department of Explosives referred to before, it is mentioned that a good number of the accidents that take place are because of the defective design of the valves, and goes on to say, "This matter regarding unsuitability of the present type of valve fitted to LPG cylinders was discussed with the LPG industry time and again, and this department impressed upon them the need for replacing the present type of valve by one more sturdy and foolproof." The report further adds that the Indian Standards Institution has formulated a new draft standard for a valve to be exclusively used for LPG cylinders. It seems the new standard is yet to be finalised and put into use.

A number of accidents are also caused by the negligence and ignorance of the ill-trained or untrained delivery men and mech-

SAFE WAYS TO USE GAS CYLINDER


1. TO LIGHT THE BURNER


2. TO TURN OFF THE SYSTEM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BEAUTY BULLETIN

TO REMOVE WHITEHEADS

My skin is oily and my face is covered with whiteheads. Please suggest a method to remove them. I am 17.

L. C. (Delhi)

These fatty spots under the surface of the skin are plugs of hardened oil. As you have an oily skin you should avoid rich, greasy food, chocolates, nuts and sweets. Include fresh fruits and vegetables in your diet and plenty of liquids like fruit juices.

Keep your skin scrupulously clean — cleansing it two-three times a day. To remove the whiteheads follow this treatment. First steam your face to open the pores. Then using a blackhead extractor, press round the whitehead gently to remove it. If you don't have an extractor, press with tissue-covered fingertips. Pat a calamine lotion on the area to avoid infection.

FOR BRITTLE NAILS

NAIL HARDENER

I have read about nail hardeners, what are they? I have brittle nails, will they help me? Also what is a nail whitener?

M. M. (Hyderabad)

A nail hardener comes in liquid form and it prevents nails from breaking. It is a colourless enamel that is painted on the nails before applying the nail polish.

In the absence of a hardener, you could try this remedy. Take gelatine stirred in a glass of milk or fruit juice every morning. Also warm some olive oil and dip your nails in it for about 15 minutes. Continue this treatment for a couple of months till you find improvement.

A nail whitener is a white pigment available in pencil form. It is used to whiten the underside of nails.

LINES UNDER EYES

I am 27 and have attractive features. My problem is that I have fine lines under my eyes which give me an aged appearance. Please help. Any exercise for strained eyes?

K. A. N. (Pune)

To minimise the fine lines, massage an anti-wrinkle cream, specially formulated for under-eye area, nightly. You have to do this gently as the skin here is very delicate. Massage from the inner corner outwards for a few seconds. Blot out excess with a tissue.

Here is a home remedy for you to try: Mix a teaspoon of honey with the white of an egg and beat well. Apply this on the lined area and leave it on for about 10 minutes, then rinse with tepid water.

Try this exercise to remove strain from eyes. Place elbows on table and cup eyes with the palms of hands. Relax shoulders, feet and spine and remain in this position for a few minutes—you'll feel really refreshed.

TIPS ON THE SAFER USE OF COOKING GAS

anics employed by the distributors and dealers in gas cylinders. Above all, the consumers themselves are guilty of not using the gas properly, being either ignorant or negligent about simple precautions.

Much can be done by the petroleum authorities to train the mechanics and delivery men and educate the consumers. In response to a recent educational campaign on fire prevention by the Loss Prevention Association, a gentleman from Lucknow wrote to the Association drawing attention to the following about the use of LPG:

1. According to the manufacturers' instructions, the rubber washer has to be changed whenever a new refill is connected. This is never done.

2. The recommended procedure for checking leaks is to use soap water. Instead, a lighted match is used which is dangerous.

3. The cylinders are dumped in a heap on a cart and loaded and unloaded with total disregard for safety.

The gentleman also mentioned that he had written to the manufacturers as well as the dealer several times without any response. One wonders why the manufacturers who are all government organisations cannot take note and set things right.

LPG is processed from crude petroleum in refineries. It is a mixture of several petroleum gases, mainly butane and propane. The gas is liquefied by the application of moderate pressure in the cylinder. When the liquefied gas comes out of its outlet, it is vapourised and takes its original gaseous form at natural atmospheric temperature and pressure.

LPG is heavier than air and thus it tends to flow downward towards the floor. It spreads out slowly. A leakage can normally be detected easily because a foul smelling compound is added to LPG. LPG is highly inflammable, i.e. it catches fire very easily.

It often happens that milk or rice left to boil on the burner overflows and extinguishes the flame. If unattended, the gas continues to come out of the burner. In such a situation, one should first close the valve and cut out the flow of gas. Next, one should open the doors and windows and allow sufficient time for the gas to disperse. Till one is absolutely sure that there is no trace of accumulated gas in the room, one should not try to light the burner. One should not even try to use the electrical switch in the room since even the spark from the switch may ignite the gas and lead to an explosion.

While using LPG it is essential to follow these rules carefully :

1. While not in use, both the valve and the oven's regulator should be in the closed position.

2. When lighting the gas, first open the cylinder valve, then light the matchstick and hold it near the burner and finally turn the burner tap or regulator to light the gas.

3. Similarly, after cooking is over, first close the cylinder valve and then turn the burner regulator to the "off" position.

There are also certain points to know about commissioning a new cylinder. The valve is the weakest part of the cylinder. Normally, a cap or a guard ring is provided on the top of the cylinder protecting the value from damage. When a cylinder is replaced make sure of the following :

1. That it has a cap or a guard ring over the valve,

2. That the sealing tag is intact on the valve,

3. Replace the washer, and

4. Insist on the delivery man checking leaks using soap solution around the valve and the rubber tube connection.

If the tag is not intact, mention it on the delivery voucher. About checking leaks, the delivery man is supposed to carry out the required tests.

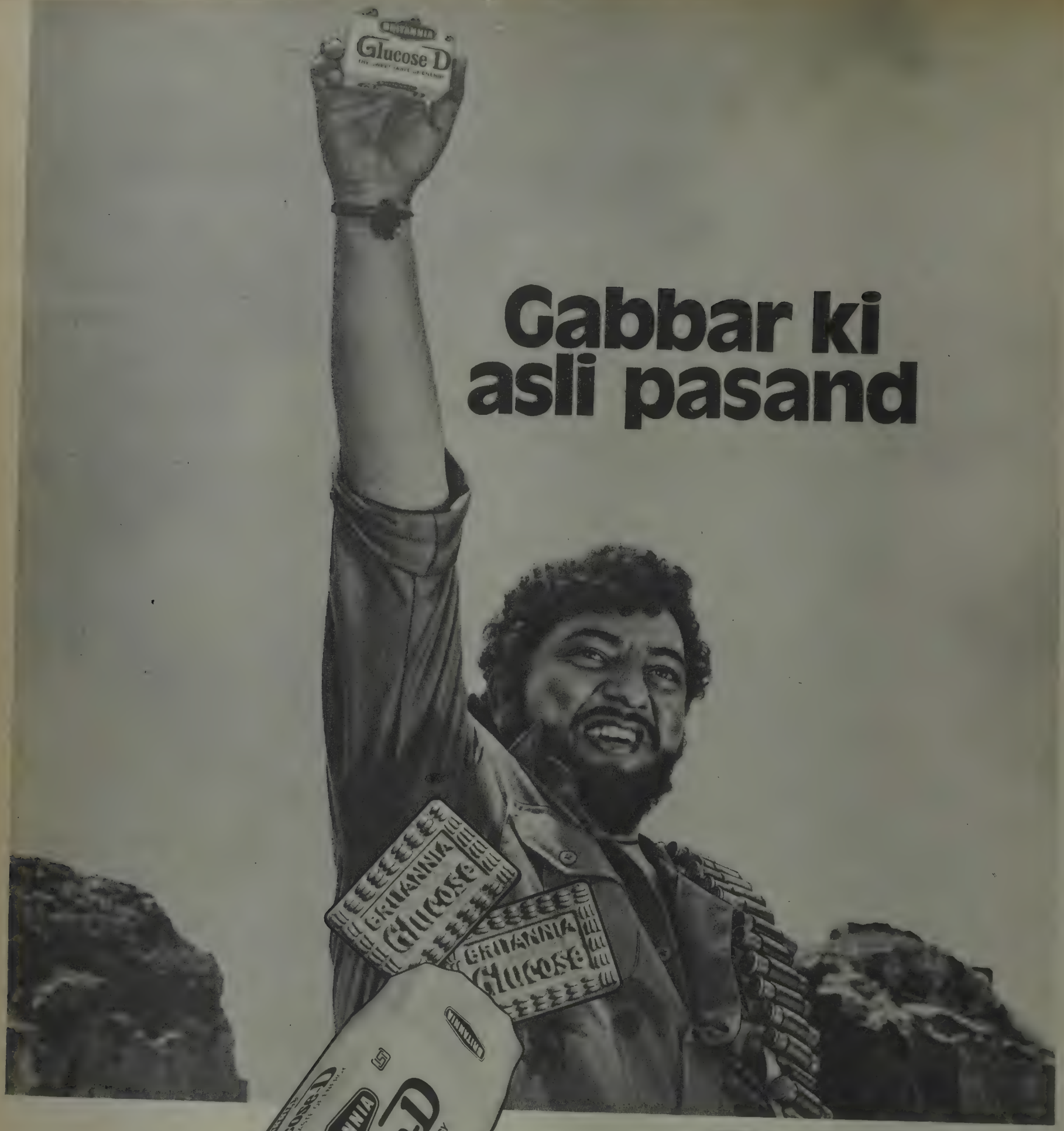
The rubber tubing provided with the LPG system is tough and can last for years. However, its cost is low and it can be changed annually to take care of any deterioration.

The burner may be dirtied by spillage while cooking. It also collects dust from the surroundings. Hence, the burner should be cleaned once a month by disconnecting it from the appliance. Use a stiff brush with soap and water. At the end of cleaning, wipe the burner dry. However, there is one fear; fitting back may not be perfect. A mechanic from your LPG agent will do the job better.

At night, always check and double check that besides the burner regulator, the valve on your LPG cylinder is closed.

Rajat Mitra
Akhil Kumar Das

Gabbar ki asli pasand



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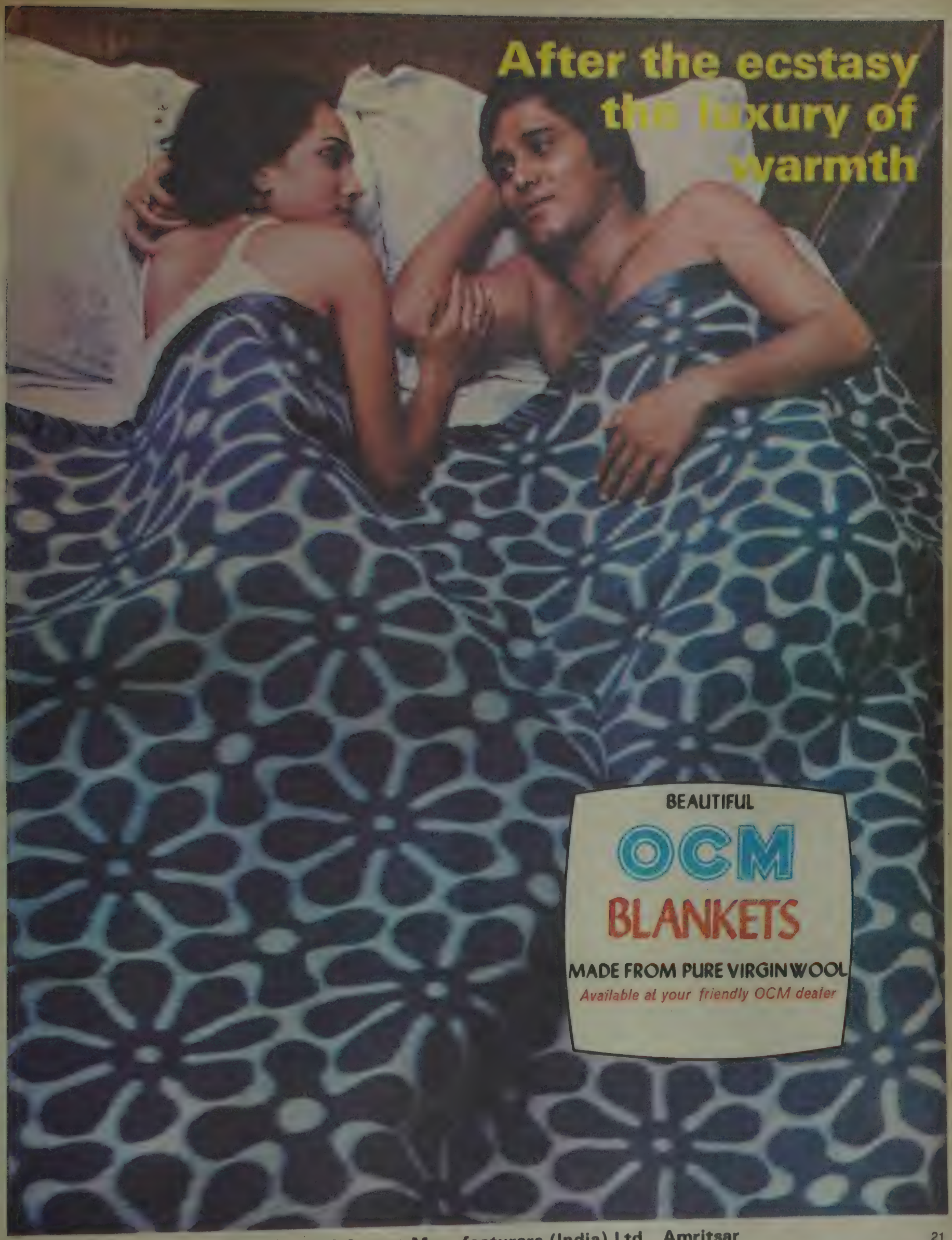

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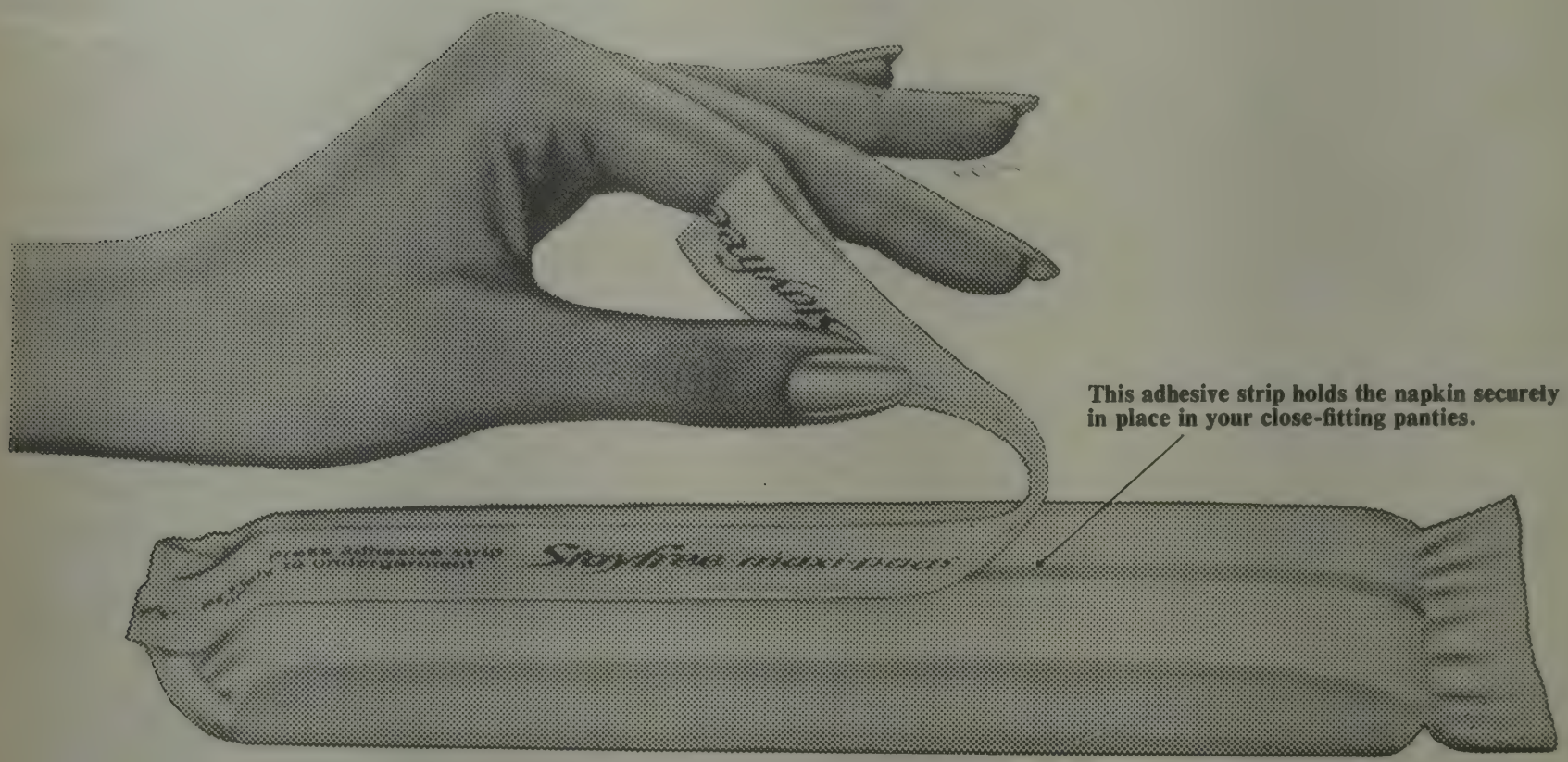
New Stayfree Beltless Napkins



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BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

SEXISM IN INDIAN EDUCATION: THE LIES WE TELL OUR CHILDREN; by Narendra Nath Kalia; Vikas Publications; Price Rs. 50.

Narendra Nath Kalia has chosen a provocative subject — the male-favoured sexist bias in textbooks prescribed for schools. Basing his thesis on the Education Commission of India's recommendation of 1965 for a revamped educational system that would usher in changes for "a new society where the biological fact of sex will play a minor role". Mr. Kalia wants to examine how far present sex role models have been delinked from conventional stereotypes.

He starts out with 14 hypotheses as indicators of change, and dismally goes on to reject each, thus concluding that sex role models are exactly what they were in the pre-independence period.

Kalia has selected 353 lessons from 42 English and Hindi textbooks for content analysis. However, it is not clear whether this was a random selection or whether lessons with a particular bias were chosen, possibly with the intention of exposing that bias. Nor is it indicated whether the selected lessons were written before '65 or after.

One of the main shortcomings of the study is that it fails to differentiate sufficiently between the characterization of subjects in fiction, and in history and religious mythology. While it is obvious that one can't change history or mythology, it is important that the slant given in such chapters do not project antiquated attitudes.

A lesson raising Kasturba Gandhi, an epitome of self-sacrifice, to the level of an ideal wife is obviously to be faulted. So also is the exclusion of a personality like Kamala Nehru who broke conventions and urged women to rebel against man-made laws. But Kalia's study picks out no omissions. It is relevant to speculate whether those who set the syllabus are at fault, or whether the error lies in Kalia's sampling.

The question, then, is the basis for inclusion in the syllabus. Women achievers receive recognition only when their achievements fall within the framework of conventional acceptability. Women rebels are relegated to being less than foot-notes in history. Why must children study the life of Florence Nightingale rather than that of Joan of Arc? Why is the legend of Nala and Damayanti chosen rather than that of Maithali whose life's mission was the pursuit of knowledge? Why are no women warriors featured?

And, most telling of all, why are there only seven biographies of women when there are 47 of men!

The abusive rhetoric referring to women in the fiction called literature is enough to turn any thinking woman militant. Some examples: "Don't you agree that females have limited intelligence?" "It's girls who are stubborn. They are the ones that cry." "An over-clever woman is like a long-tailed sheep — she'll fetch none the bigger price for that." Are such statements valid? Are they the values we want to hand down to a future generation?

Kalia draws attention to the usage of male-centred language where the word "man" is used in contexts referring to both men and women. Contending that young children find it difficult to understand that "man" refers to both the sexes, he asserts that girls start out with a handicap as they are unable to identify with man's achievements, and see themselves as passive followers rather than as initiators of actions. However, while it is desirable to substitute "person", "individual", "someone", for "man" in several contexts, doing the same with pronouns (he/she, her/him) as Kalia recommends, can only result in clumsy sentence construction which would be even more confusing to the child.

Kalia's study is nevertheless an eyeopener to the subtle brainwash that is used to perpetuate an unjust system. On the one hand boys grow up believing they have to achieve material success and suppress their emotions, while girls grow up believing it is wrong for them to break out from the domestic mould where depth of emotion is the yardstick they are judged by. The result is a society full of people with half developed personalities who end up depriving themselves and each other of the richness of complete experience.

THE NIGHT OF THE SEVEN DAWNS; by Anita Kumar; Vikas Publishing House; Price Rs. 35.

Not too many women write war novels, and those who do find themselves trying to treat war "with a difference" as the blurb on the jacket of "The Night of the Seven Dawns" states. However, the attempt to observe war from "a woman's viewpoint" doesn't always work. Invariably, heavy emotions come into play and war leaves little room for emotions.

Anita Kumar tackles a theme of dynamic potential. Lalita Kumar, a middle-aged widow, is asked to go into the no-man's-land between the Indian and Pakistani border areas in Kashmir, where a Pakistani soldier will give her secret military information. The informer has specifically asked for her and it turns out that he is her son, a son she was forced to leave behind with Muslim friends while fleeing from the riot-torn Lahore of the Partition period.

The mother-son reunion is poignant and dramatic. The mother can think of little beyond escaping into the stream of life and anonymity where they may be re-united as a family. The son, a pragmatist, with deep feelings for his foster parents and loyalties for his adopted country, foresees the impossibility of her proposal. Their time runs out and Lalita falls in a dead faint as the Indian major appears with a gun in his hand and Arun, her son, flees without giving the information he had no intention of leaking in the first place.

A rich central theme with endless possibilities. But from here on the author fails to capture any drama. The plot meanders weakly along the path of Lalita's deliriums and recovery, and loses impact as it gets flooded with too many trivial characters while significant ones (Lalita's daughter) make only brief appearances. Even the attempt at a feminist slant flounders as the author fails to flesh out the women sufficiently.

Herself a victim of Partition atrocities, one gets the feeling that Ms. Kumar has not managed to emotionally distance herself from her experiences which form the crux of her material. This contrasts sharply with the tempo of the earlier part of the novel, which is crisp and alive.

1. BREAST FEEDING, THE BIOLOGICAL OPTION
2. CHILD CARE IN THE TROPICS
by G. J. Ebrahim; MacMillans; Price Rs. 18 each.

These are two handbooks from a series of five on Tropical Community Health. G. J. Ebrahim, who has been involved in UNICEF and WHO projects, aims the series at trainee and para-medical personnel in tropical countries, placing emphasis on infant, child and mother care which account for more than half the total number of cases treated in developing countries.

In "Breast Feeding", the author asserts that the two most outstanding causes for the decline of breast feeding are the high-pressure promotion campaigns of baby foods, and the lack of a firm stand in favour of breast-feeding by the medical profession. He goes on to make a strong case for the natural versus the artificial.

"Child Care" is a basic handbook on child development from the prenatal stage through to adolescence.

While the books are well presented and illustrated, one fails to see how the two might be aimed at the same readership. The one on breast feeding is detailed and checkered with medical jargon. The other is simple enough for any intelligent mother to follow. Others in the series include "A Handbook of Tropical Paediatrics", "Care of the Newborn" and "Mother and Child Health in Developing Countries".

Meher Pestonji

To The World, With Love

Children express their feelings through pictures drawn by them. And it was the painting of seven-year-old Jitka Samkova, a Czechoslovakian girl, that became the first UNICEF greeting card.

She painted a group of children dancing around a Maypole — the sun smiling upon them. "The picture expresses joy. . . the wreath at the top of the Maypole is to show the line of children being helped is endless," she explained.

It provides a glimpse into her world of fantasy and delight, depicting the joy of life-giving food and medicines sent to the war torn countries to help needy children. These were supplied through the United Nations Children's Fund as part of its multifarious welfare projects. This was way back in 1948.

The following year, Jitka's painting carried its message of cheer beyond the boundaries of her native land to all corners of the earth. It was made the first official greeting card of UNICEF — the very organisation which inspired it.

Through the years, hundreds of internationally known artists including Picasso and Salvador Dali have contributed their designs for reproduction on cards and calendars. Artists, craftsmen and museums spanning the globe continue to lend their unique designs — Chinese woodcuts, Japanese stencils of conventional motifs, designs by Korean artists, leatherwork crafted by the nomads of the Sahara, elaborately woven fabric from Niger, Aegean embroidery motif featuring the goddess of fertility . . . the themes are endless.

For over thirty years the sale proceeds of these cards have enabled UNICEF to expand its programmes to create a better world for the underprivileged children. The sales campaign of these cards was inaugurated by Mr. Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, President of India, in Delhi recently.

Displayed here are some of them. . . colourful and captivating.

1

3

2

4

1. The Flight — panel from "The Seven Sorrows of the Virgin" by Albrecht Durer, German Democratic Republic.

2. Tapestry by Madeleine Colaco, Brazil.

3. Children and Presents by Lauretta Rix, German Democratic Republic.

4. Batik — Indonesia, by an anonymous artist.

A CHILD'S WORLD OF FANTASY

1

3

1. Going to the fair — a child recalls his village.

2. Warrior — made from waste material.

3. Snake in the garden — from a mural.

4. Earthern lamp.

All these are done by children of Mobile Creches.

4

Eye-catching paintings of glittering Diwali deeyas and towering skyscrapers, mobiles with bird and animal motifs, camels and snakes made of paper and wire, stuffed toys, cardboard models of houses, clay figurines, papier mache bowls. . . these are some of the items made from waste material by the children of Mobile Creches.

A welfare organisation for children — whose mothers work at construction sites and living in slums who are away for long hours — its core services include supplementary nutrition, health care and immunisation, non-formal education and encouragement of creative arts. The children express their ideas using potter's clay, paper, crayons and paints and all kinds of waste material.

• The objective is to bring them basic care, provide them an impetus to attend school, and give opportunity for skills and trades.

The children number 1400 in all — their ages ranging from two weeks to 12 years. In Bombay several units of Mobile Creches work at various construction sites and also cover a few slum areas. They function in Delhi too.

A few outstanding designs from the children's handiwork are selected every year for greeting cards. The sale proceeds of these are utilised for various welfare projects. Shown here are some of them. Can be had at Mobile Creches, Oxford House, second floor, Apollo Bunder, Bombay 400039; and 5-B, Telegraph Lane, New Delhi 110001.

2

Come alive with freshness

Totally different LIRIL. Rippled green with the exciting freshness of limes. Tangy, tingling LIRIL ...makes a fresh new woman of you.

Liril
THE FRESHNESS SOAP **with the exciting freshness of limes**

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PASSING THROUGH

MIRA ADVANI

PROMOTING INDIA ABROAD

Bombayites may be interested to know that their dirty, overcrowded, but to many, beloved city, has acquired a twin — none other than the city of Los Angeles, best known perhaps for its posh suburb of Beverly Hills, home of the glamorous movie stars. The Los Angeles-Bombay Sister City Committee was started eight years ago by the Mayor of L.A. and other prominent citizens like Robert Hardy Andrews, the writer. Public Relations Director on the Executive Board of the Committee is Mira Advani, an Indian who has been living in America for the past 12 years.

"The aim of the Committee," said Mira, "is to raise funds for projects that might benefit the sister city," and Mira has organised many shows and parties to raise the necessary funds.

The Sister City Committee has financed a school in Mahim and a cheque of $10,000 was handed over to the school on the Committee's last visit to India. Mira has looked into the possibility of building a new wing and providing other amenities like a fountain, etc.

At meetings of the Committee in L.A. Mira had suggested that if each American family member saved $1 a week, a very substantial sum of money could be collected at very little cost. Since water was so scarce in India, she urged that the money thus collected should be used for digging wells and supplementing the water supply. As Chairperson of the Water Committee that was subsequently formed, Mira was in Bombay recently to talk to the Mayor and other Interested parties about implementing this programme.

"The majority of members of the Committee are American," says Mira. "And they just love India. That is the reason why the Committee's members often come to India and tour around. "They should be here in mid-January," said Mira, who is arranging their itinerary in Kathmandu and South India.

The Committee has cultural exchange programmes with India, and also plays host to prominent Indians visiting L.A.,

as actor Raj Kapoor and family did some time back.

The Committee is also planning an education sponsorship programme. An American family would sponsor an Indian child's education either here in India or in the States. The plan is still just at the talking stage, but that was something else Mira was looking into while here.

Mira used to design women's and children's sportswear, importing fabrics from India, but her work took her away from home and her two children too often, so she has been phasing it out gradually. She was also Director, Public Relations, of the Barbizen International School of Modelling for two years.

Mira has been involved in many fund raising projects, organising shows and other such functions. For a fashion show for the annual Fund Raisers of the American Youth Symphony, she designed authentic Moghul costumes. She served as Co-chairperson of the Benefit Committee of the Youth Symphony Orchestra from '68 to '73 working in close association with Mrs. Zubin Mehta and Mrs. Mehli Mehta.

A lively and energetic person, Mira has certainly managed to pack a great deal of activity into her life. She was Hourly Radio Talk Show Hostess, and emcees at least six shows a year for various charities and Indo-American clubs in South California. "I have always worked hard to promote India and things Indian in the States, perhaps because India is so far away and I still miss it," she said.

Today, in addition to her involvement with the sister city programme, Mira runs her own Public Relations firm. Divorced, with two children, she says that having to cope with things on her own was difficult initially. "But you can cope ultimately if you put your mind to it.

With so much goodwill from members and such an enthusiastic PR director, the Sister City Committee should certainly flourish to the benefit of both cities.

S. G.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Darling, I've made up my mind to stay home this evening."

"It's too late, Henry. I've made up my face to go out."

* * *

Twixt optimist and pessimist.

The difference is droll;

The optimist, the doughnut sees,

The pessimist, the hole.

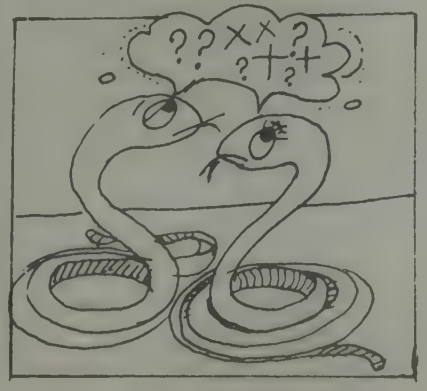
* * *

Seeking a divorce, an irate woman told the judge, "My husband never thinks of anything but horse racing. He goes to the track every week and talks about it every day. Horses, horses, horses — that's all he ever talks about. Why, he doesn't even remember our wedding day!"

"That's not true, Judge," denied the husband. "We were married on the day when Top Hat won the third race on the first Saturday of the month, the fourth."

* * *

When the flood was over Noah had freed the animals, but he returned to the ark to make sure that all of them had left. To his surprise, he found two snakes in a corner



"Why are you still here?" he demanded. "I told you to go forth and multiply."

"We can't," replied one of them. "We're adders."

* * *

A woman reported the disappearance of her husband to the police. The officer in charge looked at the photograph she handed him, questioned her, and then asked if she wished to give her husband any message if they found him.

"Yes," she replied readily, "Tell him Mother didn't come after all."

* * *

A man declared firmly that he never takes a drink after ten. "And sometimes," he continued, "I stop even with the ninth."

* * *

"How can I ever show my appreciation?" gushed a woman to Clarence Darrow, after he had solved her legal troubles.

"My dear woman," replied Darrow, "ever since the Phoenicians invented money there has been only one answer to that question."

* * *

Teacher: "What is a cannibal?"

Dull boy: "Don't know, sir."

Teacher: "If you ate your mother and father what would you be?"

Dull boy: "An orphan, sir."

* * *

A psychiatrist was giving a lecture at a medical college and during the talk he said: "Also, do you realise that about one out of every twenty English men is a homosexual? Makes you wonder how there'll always be an England."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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The fashion shades in New York, Paris and London

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by Don Tobin

HOW ABOUT TAKING YOUR LOVING WIFE OUT TO DINNER?
WHY SHOULD WE GO OUT TO DINNER WHEN WE CAN EAT SO MUCH BETTER AT HOME?
EVERYBODY KNOWS THE FINEST FOOD IN TOWN COMES RIGHT OUT OF YOUR KITCHEN!
MABEL'S HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT TO DINNER FIVE TIMES A WEEK!
THAT'S BECAUSE SHE'S SUCH A LOUSY COOK -
THE ONLY WAY HE EVER GETS A DECENT MEAL IS TO TAKE HER OUT!
?
MABEL! CAN I BORROW YOUR COOKBOOK?
1-23
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Thick, rich, creamy custard, flowing with goodness. So delicious, so nourishing. That's why mothers who care use only Brown & Polson.

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*Contains no eggs

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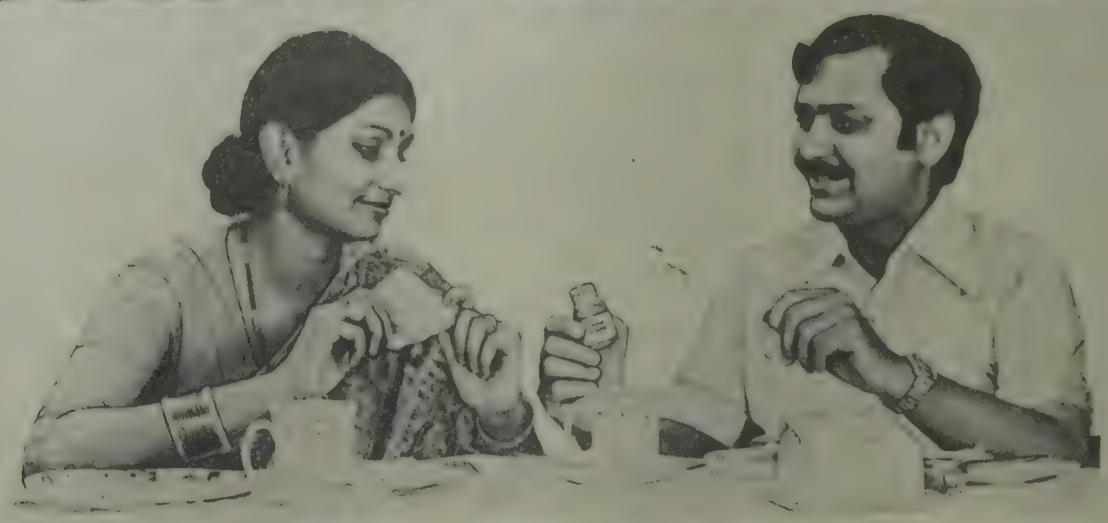
Can you live with these problems after thirty?



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- It reduces high cholesterol levels.
- It helps ease disabling joint pains.
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Raw garlic, once cooked, loses its curative properties.

But, in Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls, the pure, concentrated extract of raw garlic is available in a convenient, odourless form.

Taken regularly, Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls help both men and women overcome so many health problems.

Ranbaxy : A name doctors trust.

Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls is a product of Ranbaxy Laboratories—a name the medical profession has come to trust.

Look after yourself.

Always ask for Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls Bring a bottle home today.

RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS **The natural way to all-round health.**

THIS URMILA REMAINS EXILED

Poonam S. Kohli

BALANCING the pitcher on her head, Shanta slightly bent her knees at the threshold in order to enter the low door of the house. The old woman squatting on the floor in one corner gazed at her for some time and started abusing hysterically. Shanta was not surprised. The old woman was the grandmother of her husband. She was nearly out of her senses and abused everybody who went near her. Shanta got a greater share of her acid tongue because she was the youngest daughter-in-law and the old woman, by virtue of her relationship, made her a perpetual victim of her fierce temper.

Her Shiv, Shiv Kumar Sharma was the full name engraved on her left arm, was coming to the village after more than two years.

They had got married some three years earlier and much to her distress she had learnt that the marriage had been forced on her husband against his wishes. He had stayed at home for only ten days and then had gone to the city. She hardly knew what he did there. She had partly understood that he was some kind of a worker for a political party, and commanded great respect all over the neighbourhood.

During those ten days that Shivkumar had stayed in the village he scarcely ever talked to her. He came to her only when it was past midnight, and inwardly she hated to be woken up from her deep slumber at that time. Till midnight he sat under the old banyan tree near their house talking to other young men of the village. She could hear his voice but could not understand what he said. Words like country, poverty, disparity, injustice were repeated time and again. The whole day's work left her body so aching and tired that when at night she strained her ears to listen to

Continued on Page 35

SHE FELT CHEATED. THERE WAS A SMILE OF MOCKERY ON HER MOTHER-IN-LAW'S FACE AND EVEN THE MAD GRANDMOTHER'S SILENCE HAD AN AIR OF CONSPIRACY IN IT

Meanwhile, Sheela had got up from the "moora," put a letter aside and, almost yawning, she addressed Shanta's mother-in-law. "Achha, kaki." And after a pause she loudly added, "So, Shiv will be here tomorrow evening."

While speaking the last sentence she looked at Shanta. Shanta immediately covered her face with her chaddar. She escaped the mischievous scrutiny of Sheela's eyes by furtively escaping to the courtyard where their cows were tethered.

The cows were complacently munching their fodder. She collected the cowdung that was lying about and went to the wall to make dung cakes for fuel. Every time she made a ball of the dung and darted it to the wall with her dexterous hands, the words of Sheela came back to her: "Shiv will be coming tomorrow."

Perhaps that was a letter from Shiv, and Sheela had come to read it out for her mother-in-law, and this scrap of information she had benevolently thrown to her before going back.

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THIS URMILA REMAINS EXILED

Continued from page 31

Shiv, his words only lulled her to sleep.

Shivkumar had not returned for almost a year. When Ramesh was born he had come just for a day. And now Ramesh was almost two years old. A smile crossed her face. This time she would tell him to take her along with him to the city. How lonely she was in this house full of people! The grandmother growled at even her shadow and mother-in-law hated to see her sitting. After completing the daily chores which included sweeping the house, lighting the fire, preparing the gruel, churning out butter, bringing water, looking after the cows and a hundred other things, her mother-in-law could still find some more work for her. She would tell him how at the end of the day her tired limbs started trembling. Nobody felt concerned about her because they all thought that she had been deserted by him. How she longed to be with him!

"Don't you cry any more," Shiv would say wiping away her tears. "This time I have come to take you to the city with me."

The ball of cowdung missed its target. It fell on the ground splashing her feet and clothes. She quickly started for the well to wash her feet. There she rubbed them vigorously on the stone to remove every speck of dung from them. For once she was feeling the necessity to look clean and attractive, like those young women whose husbands lived with them.

Next morning Shanta got up earlier than usual. She took out the lehanga which she wore only on festival days. Her mother-in-law watched her incredulously but did not say anything. Surprisingly, even the grandmother had calmed down. Shanta went about her work with a strange feeling of elation. Footsteps approaching on the street outside filled her with excitement.

It was only in the evening that she heard Shivkumar's voice greeting the old man next door. Her mother-in-law rushed to the door with a bottle of mustard oil in her hands. So many times since morning she had rehearsed in her mind her plan of action. She would push Ramesh out and would herself follow him as if being pulled by him. But seeing her mother-in-law already at the door she just shrank back. Shivkumar came inside and began talking to his mother. He was asking about everybody and everything in the house and village. With a throbbing heart she was waiting for her name to be brought up by him. What would her mother-in law say? Perhaps she would call her to let him see for himself how she looked and how she had dressed up for him.

Slowly his queries seemed to be coming to an end. He readjusted himself on the chair and she strained her ears eagerly awaiting the sound of her name on his lips.

"And how are the cows?" he asked, and without even waiting for his mother's reply he pulled out a crumpled newspaper from his bag and started reading it. She sat down slowly. Her euphoria, her hopes, vanished. He had not even made a passing reference to her.

Eventually he went to the well and there he was surrounded by other villagers. All important, he seated himself under the banyan tree laughing and talking boisterously with his cronies, Ramesh sitting on his lap.

She felt cheated. There was a smile of mockery on her mother-in-law's face and even the mad grandmother's conspicuous silence had an air of conspiracy in it.

At night the usual routine following Shivkumar's visit started. That was all she meant to him — an object to satisfy his lust when in the village. Shivkumar had come after the elections to rest and revitalise himself. Everybody was at his feet to do his bit to make him comfortable. She was desperate and gathering the courage of desperation, she spoke to him when two days were left for his departure. He had performed his nightly act and must be in a good mood.

"You will be going again?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes," he replied indifferently.

"Leaving me alone again?"

"You are not alone," he said roughly, and in his voice there was no affection, only a harsh indifference, hostility.

"But I want to come with you to the city," she had said still hugging her dreams. "How long will I live alone like this?"

"City and you!" he exclaimed, naked contempt in his voice. "I have no cows there for you to make dung cakes." Then he turned his back on her and in no time he was asleep. The whole night she lay awake, stifling her sobs and killing everything that was alive in her.

Shivkumar left two days later leaving her to bear another child. The grandmother continued to abuse and mother-in-law continued to rule. All she had to show for her husband's visit was the burden of another child in her womb as she toiled from dawn to late in the night.

After this Shivkumar had come and gone many times, but the balls of cowdung never missed their target any more. His coming or going never meant any change for her. Her feelings were dead.

No, now she felt keenly the increasing distance between her and her son Ramesh. He did not seem comfortable with her any more as he grew. He watched his father and everything connected with him with awe and reverence. Clean, fair hands and feet, spotless white dhoti, admiring friends. All these fascinated the boy. When he was ten years old Shivkumar sent him to a boarding school in the city. Whatever little solace she had derived from the presence of her child was also snatched away from her.

With the passage of time there had been changes in the village. Roads were followed by electricity and electricity was followed by tubewells and with each change Shivkumar's share of garlands increased.

"See what Shiv has done for the village," everybody said with a certain pride in his voice. Shiv no longer came to the village in a bullock cart. Now a chauffeur driven car brought him here and as he came surrounded by his own group of people from the city, the villagers came only for a short while. They touched his feet, told him about their problems and went away. He no longer sat under the old banyan tree delivering discources on patriotism and prosperity. All these changes had touched Shanta also. Servants had replaced her for the household chores and she had changed to wearing a sari. But her loneliness did not change. She was still a wife exiled from her husband.

Ramesh had grown and had joined a medical college. He had slowly slipped out from her fingers. He came home for vacations, but had almost nothing to say to her. His only tie with her was through his belly. Urbanised though he was, he still longed for the typical village food with lumps of butter and ghee swimming in it.

Now her hopes were fixed on his future wife who she thought would enliven her solitary existence.

Days changed into years. One day, Ramesh came with a coconut in his hand and very enthusiastically bowed before her to touch her feet. He was followed by his father beaming with happiness. Then almost a cartload of sweets was slowly brought in by the servants. Ramesh told her that his father had fixed his marriage with a pretty girl from a rich family, and brought up in a very urban atmosphere.

Shivkumar had taken his final revenge upon her by keeping her completely out of even this major decision about her own child. Son and father then started a crash course to prepare her for a modern daughter-in-law. By the time Ramesh went to the marriage mandap he became so fidgety that almost every second minute he looked at her admonishingly as if begging, "Mamma do not embarrass me." She had gone through the whole ceremony, a lonely pathetic figure. A few days after the wedding, Ramesh brought his wife to the village. This was the day she had been looking forward to all her adult life — to welcome her bahu and rejoin the mainstream of life at least as a mother-in-law.

Next morning, Ramesh came to her and said, "She's used to sleeping late. Don't wake her up."

But even this did not dampen her enthusiasm. She would now meet and talk to her bahu alone, win her confidence, make a daughter of her. She waited anxiously for signs of her daughter-in-law waking up. Then she heard Nilima moving about behind the door. She approached it with the servant carrying a tea tray.

"Bahu", she called out lovingly, waiting for Nilima to open the door and greet her. "Come in," said Nilima in a drowsy voice. There was complete indifference, lack of any interest or affection in the voice.

Shanta knew her last hope too had gone sour. She sent the servant in and returned to her room. Her eyes fell on the Ramayan lying wrapped up in velvet cloth. Touching the cloth delicately with her fingers, she mumbled to herself, "Urmila, you were exiled in your palace for fourteen years, but Laxman did come back to you. I am an exile for life."

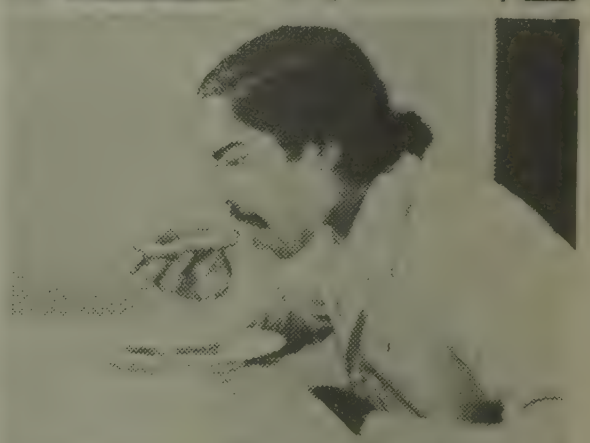
The sobbing that followed was not heard outside her room.

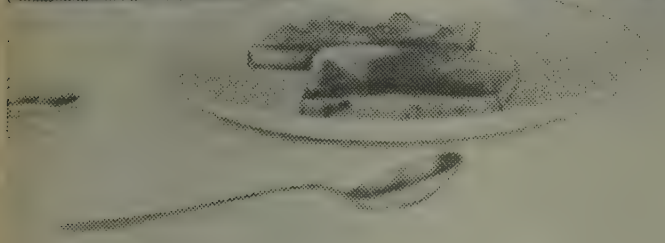
Dreams come true

IN FOUR LOVELY NIGHTIES IN COOL WHITE LAWN, SOFTLY PIPED IN YELLOW CUT LACE, INSERTIONS AND THE PRETTIEST YOKES.

Dinoo Vacha

the nicest things in life are sweet the sweetest things come from KISSAN





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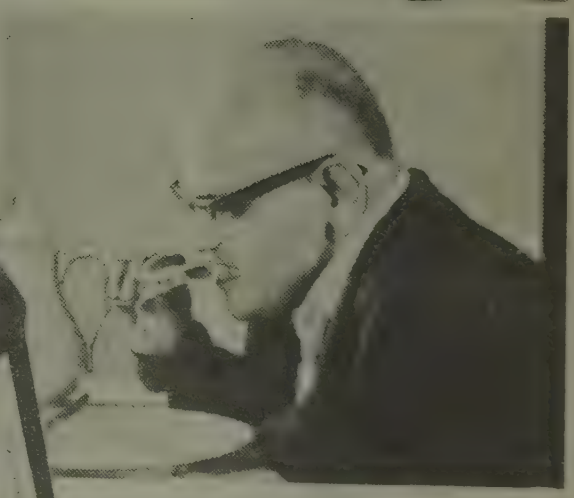

The Kissan Range

Mixed fruit, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, mango, apple, apricot, Goldenmist orange marmalade and guava jelly

Kissan

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

Justice Janakiamma

NO LEGAL BARRIERS

Justice Janakiamma, a sitting judge of the Kerala High Court since May '74, is the second woman to occupy this high position after Mrs. Anna Chandy who was the first ever woman judge of the Kerala High Court. Justice Janakiamma chose the legal profession with her father's full backing and encouragement at a time when very few women ventured to take up any profession at all, leave alone that of advocate. As such, when she started practising, women lawyers like her had to face a certain amount of prejudice. Litigants were apprehensive and hesitant to approach women lawyers, but as time went by the women proved their capabilities.

After high school in Ernakulam, Justice Janakiamma did her B.A. in the Maharaja's College, there, and her B.L. in the Madras Law College. Initially, she worked as a junior under Ambadi Krishna Menon, one of the leading civil lawyers during that period and later under Mr. Panampalli Govinda Menon who was, for a while, a minister at the centre. Thereafter she practised independently.

In 1956 she was appointed as a sub-judge which post she held up to 1960. Later, she served as a District Magistrate for a period of one and a half years, then became District and Sessions Judge in May '62. She became a judge of the Kerala High Court in May '74.

When asked what she thought about capital punishment, Justice Janakiamma said that retention of capital punishment in the statute book would have a deterrent effect. The adverse consequences can be avoided by a judicious application of the provision.

Some changes have been effected in recent years in the law relating to imposition of capital punishment. Under the law as it stood some years back, the Sessions Judge was expected to give his/her reasons for not awarding capital punishment and had to mention the mitigating circumstances. As per the new code of criminal procedure which came into force in 1974, the judge has to give special reasons for imposing capital punishment, which means that a sentence of death is not the rule in all cases of murder.

The sentence of death is in all cases subject to confirmation by the High Court. The convicted person can also appeal against the lower court's dictum to the High Court and the Supreme Court. It is also open to the person to move the President for clemency. This means that a sentence of death will be executed only in very extreme cases. Thus, by proper application of the precedures, the hazards of the provision could be averted.

What should be done to provide poor litigants with free legal aid? Justice Janakiamma is of the view that there are some practical difficulties in giving free legal aid to poor litigants. Proper legal advice should precede the hearing of the case in court so that poor litigants are advised well before entering the courts of law. Also, those who give free legal opinion and aid should be capable persons besides being dedicated and devoted to the cause they have taken up.

Why does it take so much time to dispose of cases and suits? How can we speed up the whole process and reduce the number of pending cases in courts? According to Justice Janakiamma, people approaching the courts were very few in the past, but now, as a result of general awareness of their rights and privileges, people approach the courts for redress in large numbers. Apart from this fact, the field and scope too have become wider now. This explains the "docket explosion" and the consequent pressure on the judicial system.

Chief Justice of India, Mr. Justice Y.V. Chandrachud, has recently suggested a ban on second appeals to discourage unnecessary litigation and reduce the number of pending cases in Indian courts. Second appeals should not be totally banned, says Justice Janakiamma, because it is not rare that subordinate courts, due to lack of experience, commit mistakes in the application of law. In such cases, it is only proper that the mistakes are corrected. The scope of second appeals is now considerably restricted due to the changes effected in the code of civil procedures in 1976. Accordingly, unless some question of law or irregularity is involved, second appeals are not encouraged generally. A strict adherence to the new law will help in reducing the number of second appeals.

Our Constitution, of late, has been amended frequently. Are there so many loopholes in it? Haven't the founding fathers of our Constitution provided for all the future problems and eventualities? To this Justice Janakiamma replied that amendments to our Constitution had to be brought about as it was found by Parliament that the original provisions stood in the way of progressive legislation. Practical difficulties were felt in some cases when working out the original provisions. "Amendments to written constitutions are not peculiar and confined to India. Wherever they have written constitutions, there are amendments."

As a woman and as a sitting judge of a High Court, Ms. Janakiamma doesn't face peculiar problems. She gets excellent cooperation from her colleagues. As for the position of the women in India, she feels that women in Kerala are more liberated and advanced in all aspects of life compared to their counterparts in other states of India, because of education and the social environment. Women everywhere can play an important role provided they are educated in large numbers and social conditions are created which are conducive to the betterment of their position.

Justice Janakiamma is very fond of reading, mainly books on philosophy, apart from law and legal matters. She is interested in social work also. She was a member of the State Social Welfare Board when it was first formed in Kerala in 1954. She had also been the Municipal Chairman from 1953 to 1956.

When asked why she has chosen to remain unmarried, she replied, "It just happened that way!" with a smile. Though she is interested in social service activities she does not find enough time to devote to that work. Whenever time permits, she addresses students in schools and colleges apart from participating in public functions occasionally.

Malavika

SOFT AND SENSUOUS

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NO ONIONS, NO GARLIC, PLEASE!

Eating out tends to be a problem for most non-onion-and-garlic-eaters. Now, with the opening of "Vega", a strictly vegetarian restaurant at the Welcomhotel Searock, Bombay, vegetarians can enjoy the taste of authentic vegetarian food to their hearts' content. Traditionally served in thalis and katoris, the food is prepared under the expert supervision of Mr. Sodhi, executive chef. Mr. Sodhi has done a hotel management and catering course in West Germany and has served various hotels in Canada and India. Mr. Sodhi aims to give his clients excellence in service and food. All the recipes selected by him can be whipped up in minutes, and leaves the guests guessing about what is in store for them!

Food Courtesy:
Welcomhotel Searock, Bombay.

DUM GHOBI

1 kg. ghobi (cauliflower)
100 grams khoya
100 grams paneer
5 grams green chillis
5 grams ginger

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

10 grams green coriander
200 grams tomatoes
150 grams cashewnuts (optional)
150 grams oil
50 grams curd
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the cauliflower carefully in salt water. Do not separate the flowers. Place it on a grease proof baking tray. Grind the cashewnuts in curd to a smooth paste. Mix in salt and pepper to taste. Chop the tomatoes and green chillis. Fry the tomatoes, chillis and ginger in little oil. Put in the ground paste. Mix well. Now apply this paste on the cauliflower. Bake in a pre-heated oven, till the cauliflower is cooked. Garnish with grated paneer and khoya and chopped coriander leaves.

MISSI ROTI

¾ kg. wheat flour (atta)
¼ kg. gram flour (besan)
100 grams ginger
10 grams green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
5 grams pomegranate seeds (anardana)
250 grams butter

Sieve the two flours together. Add rest of the ingredients except butter and knead into a soft and pliable dough. Cover and leave aside for two to three hours. Roll out the dough into thickish chappatis and roast on a buttered tava till well baked. Turn and roast the other side. Serve hot.

KABULI NAN

1 kg. flour (maida)
4 veg. eggs
1 tsp. baking powder
½ litre milk
10 grams dry fruit
10 grams pomegranate seeds (anardana)
1 tsp. yeast
Salt to taste
2 tsps. sugar
1 cup curd

Dissolve yeast in water. Sieve the flour with sugar, baking powder and salt. Blend milk and curds together. Add yeast and blend well. Make a depression in the flour and pour the milk and curd mixture into it. Put in the eggs, half of the dry fruit and pomegranate seeds. Knead well for 15 minutes. Cover and leave aside for 1½ to 2 hours till the dough doubles in volume.

Divide the dough into equal portions. Cover and once again keep aside to rise. Sprinkle pomegranate seeds and the remaining dry fruits. Flatten and shape into chappatis. Bake in a very hot open tandoor for about 10 minutes till well puffed and golden brown. Serve immediately.

PHOOL MAKHANA KORMA

200 grams makhana
100 grams cashewnuts
100 grams khoya
50 grams curds
150 grams oil
30 grams melon seeds (char majak)
1 tbsp. melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste
Coriander leaves, chopped

Grind the melon seeds and half of the cashewnuts together into a smooth paste. Fry lightly in butter and then mix with curd, salt and pepper to taste. Now fry the makhanas lightly in oil. Mix in the khoya and the ground mixture with curds. Cook for a few minutes. Simmer and remove from the fire. Mix the remaining half of the cashewnuts, broken into bits. Serve hot, garnished with chopped coriander leaves.

PANEER TIKKA

750 grams paneer
250 grams curds
10 grams ginger
2 lemons
300 grams cucumber
50 grams refined oil
½ kg. tomatoes
3 green peppers (capsicums)
Salt to taste

Dice the paneer into 1½" square pieces. Similarly cut the capsicums and tomatoes. Mix the curds with the rest of the given ingredients except oil. Put in the diced paneer pieces in the above curd and masala mixture and leave to marinate for at least two to three hours. Put the paneer, capsicum and tomato pieces one by one on the skewer. Roast on gas or in the oven for 10 minutes, rotating the skewer from time to time. Serve hot with mint chutney and pickle.

MEETHA KESRI CHAWAL
(Sweet Rice)

1 kg. basmati rice
1 kg. sugar
10 grams green cardamoms
150 grams mixed dry fruits
100 grams raisins
300 grams ghee
1 gram saffron
2 tbsps. kewra essence
2 tbsps. butter

Soak the rice in water for at least two hours. Make sugar syrup with sufficient water to cook the rice. Add saffron and cardamom. Mix in the butter. Now drain the rice and put the rice in the hot sugar syrup. Let it cook. After the rice has three-fourths cooked, mix in cashewnuts and the other dry fruits. Steam for further few minutes. Add essence and serve, decorated with the remaining dry fruits.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS — KANNADA

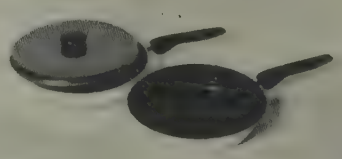
FRUITS

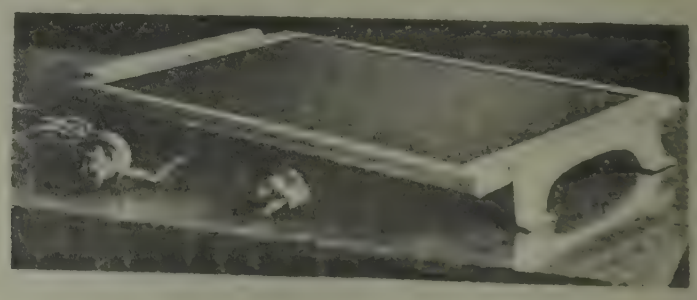
Orange — Kithhale hannu
Mango — Maavina hannu
Apples — Saybu
Guava — Perale hannu
Grapes — Draakshi
Fig — Anjoora
Apricots — Dardaal
Banana — Baalehannu
Papaya — Papaya
Peaches — Peech hannu
Pears — Mara seybu
Pineapple — Ananaasu
Plums — Plum
Watermelon — Kallangandi
Custard Apples — Seetaphala

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month of November will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

1) A non-stick coated 185 mm. Fry Pan from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES** 2) A cash prize of Rs.101.00 from **WEIKFIELD,** and 3) **LIFELONG** Food Warmer, Popular model 625 x 365 x 65 mm from **TRADING ENGINEERS,** New Delhi.





So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Ummi Abdulla, Madras.

LEFTOVER BIRYANI SURPRISE

3 cups leftover biryani (mutton, chicken or fish)
½ loaf bread
4 eggs
100 grams bread crumbs
3 tbsps. butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat the eggs well with pepper and salt. Cut the bread slices into fingers. Melt butter, and grease the pie dish. Heat the biryani. Dip each bread finger in the egg and then dip in the bread crumbs. Arrange the pieces neatly at the bottom and sides of the baking dish. Fill up with biryani and pour a little beaten egg on top. Press well with finger. Dip some more bread fingers in the egg and arrange on top of biryani. Pour the remaining egg on top and sprinkle bread crumbs. Pour the remaining butter at the sides and on top. Bake in hot oven till the bread is golden brown. Turn onto a plate and serve hot with leftover curry.

Mrs. Anuradha Mathur, Jaipur.

STUFFED MUTTON PASANDE

½ kg boneless mutton flaps (pricked with fork) 2" x 3"
½ kg curds

FOR THE GRAVY :

2 large onions, ground
1½" piece ginger, ground
1 small pod garlic, ground
2 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2-3 bay leaves
3-4 cinnamon
3 cloves
2 cardamoms
3 tbsps. oil
Salt to taste

FOR THE MARINADE:

8-10 flakes garlic
2" piece ginger
½ tsps. turmeric powder
Salt to taste

FOR THE STUFFING:

1 large onion, chopped
25 grams cashewnuts, grated (optional)
1 tbsp. coconut, grated
25 grams almonds, grated (optional)
25 grams raisins

Grind all the ingredients of the marinade. Mix the ground mixture with half of the curds. Apply this to the mutton pieces and keep aside for about 2-3 hours. Heat oil in a pressure cooker. Add the garam masala. When fried, add ground onions, garlic, and ginger and fry till brown. Now add chilli powder, turmeric powder and salt. Stir constantly adding curds gradually till the masala leaves the sides of the cooker and the oil floats onto the top. Add 1½ cups of water and let it come to a boil. In a frying pan add one tbsp. of oil. Fry the chopped onions, till golden brown. Add cashewnuts and almonds and a little salt. Remove from fire and add grated coconut and raisins. Now stuff each mutton flap with about one tsp. of this stuffing and tie it with thread, closing all the sides carefully.

Now put these mutton pasande into the gravy. Close the pressure cooker, reduce heat. Open cooker after 5-7 minutes when the water has dried. Stir till the oil floats. Add 1½ cups of water and cook till the mutton in tender. Garnish with one tsp. of ground garam masala and chopped coriander leaves. Serve hot.

WEEKLY WINNER

PREMA WILLIAMS, Bombay.

Mrs. Williams wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

RICE GRASS WITH MUTTON CURRY

½ kg mutton, cut into pieces
½ onion
Salt to taste
½ kg rice flour

GRIND TO A PASTE:

½ coconut, scraped
4 red chillis
2 tsps. coriander seeds
2 cloves garlic
½ tsp. turmeric
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½" piece ginger
1 ball tamarind
1 onion
1 clove
1" piece cinnamon

FOR THE RICE GRASS:

Pressure cook the rice flour with required quantity of water and salt to taste. Remove and put this steamed lump in the sev-press. Form into sev-like rice grass. Keep aside.

FOR THE CURRY:

Pressure cook the mutton pieces with half onion, chopped and salt to taste. When cooked, add the ground paste and stir well. Boil for 5 minutes. To serve, place the rice grass in a dish in the form of a ball or a nest and pour the mutton curry in the centre or over it. Serve hot.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest.

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

January, 1980
FRESH FRUIT DESSERTS

February, 1980
DAL PREPARATIONS

March, 1980
SOUFFLES — SAVOURY OR SWEET

All entries for January should reach us by December 5, February entries by January 5, and March entries February 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

"Dulux? Because good ideas are not always good enough. You need a good paint too."

Aloka Chowdhury

Aloka Chowdhury is a leading Interior Designer and Design Consultant. Her work includes designs for the Presidential Palace in Dacca, a five-star hotel, a Dutch ship and homes and offices, big and small. She always specifies Dulux.

Here she answers questions—the very questions you might ask yourself when you decide to repaint your home.

"There's only one natural light source here, so I used Dulux 'Off-White' to create a sense of light and set off the strong pink accents in this child's room."

"An antique-looking facade for a book shelf-cum-work desk matches the modern furniture in the the rest of this room with hard wearing Dulux 'Brilliant White.'"

Q. Do you use Dulux in your house ?

A. Of course, otherwise I wouldn't recommend it, would I ?

Q. Why do you recommend Dulux ?

A. Because I'm absolutely sure about it. There is never any variation in quality and colour. Don't forget I am responsible for the material I recommend to my clients; it's a question of one's professional reputation.

Q. What is a must while planning an interior ?

A. Every room should have a "focal point"—like a dominating painting or an object of art or a piece of furniture. The colour and arrangement of the room should be built around this "focal point."

But one should never use more than 3, maximum 4 colours in any interior. Just because the Dulux shade card offers you an amazingly large choice, it doesn't mean you experiment with every colour that catches your fancy.

"This bedroom for a teenager faces south, so a strong yet cool green is an ideal colour."

Q. Repainting can be expensive. How do you combine good sense with good paint ?

A. It's false economy to use a so-called economy paint. Within months it can start peeling off, get patchy, or simply fade away. A good acrylic can be washed and rewashed regularly. And it will look new for years.

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NEETU: RETURN TO FILMS? NEVER!

Jyothi Venkatesh

When she came on the line when I rang her up, Neetu was reluctant to grant me an interview as she has stopped meeting the press after her decision to quit films and plunge into matrimony. However, she agreed to meet me for a tete-a-tete when I told her that the topic of our discussion would be Rishi Kapoor and her life as Mrs. Neetu Kapoor.

As I entered her apartment, her hair-dresser-cum-confidante, Shirley, took me to the dining room. The other rooms were being painted and hence labourers were scurrying to and fro as I waited for Neetu to emerge from her bedroom.

First Meeting

About an hour later, with one hand making a feeble attempt to conceal her yawn, Neetu sauntered into the dining hall from her room upstairs, wished me and apologised profusely for having kept me waiting. She explained that she had had a late night the day before — in Chintu's company of course.

"Do you, remember the first time you met Rishi Kapoor?", I asked Neetu as we sipped the hot tea brought by Shirley.

With great enthusiasm Neetu dived back into the days of yore. "Ours wasn't love at first sight. On the contrary, I remember each of us put the other off at our first meeting. It was in Bangalore at the mahurat of 'Zehreela Insaan' that I saw him for the first time. I'd rather call it hate at first sight because on the sets he used to irritate me every now and then by criticising me for each and every thing."

Unbearable

According to Neetu, for the first five or six months, Chintu was utterly unbearable. "I was only 14 then and quite naive. I remember I used to insist on my mother sticking to me wherever I went because I was mortally scared of Rishi. He used to think no end of himself because his 'Bobby' had made him a super star."

It was when, "Khel Khel Mein" was being shot in Kashmir that both were really thrown in each other's company for the first time and the realisation dawned on them that they rather liked each other.

Chintu had another girl friend then, and Neetu confessed that she had actually been aiding and abetting him in his earlier love affair when they were shooting for "Rafoo Chakkar" and "Zinda Dil".

"On the sets, Chintu often used to ask me to dial his girl friend's number and hand over the phone to him after she came on the line, because her father used to pick up the phone every time he rang. I never dreamt that one day I'd be falling in love with him myself."

"When you did fall in love with one another, were you sure Chintu would propose to you one day or the other?" I asked Neetu.

"Definitely," said Neetu. "I wouldn't have stuck to him for such a long time if I hadn't been sure. At times, I admit, I used to get scared because Chintu is so impulsive and you just cannot predict what his next move will be. He doesn't always mean what he says. You can know him thoroughly well only if you are close to him. We understand each other completely."

Chauvinist

Every year, Neetu makes it a point to go abroad with her mother to enjoy a holiday from the hassles and tension of her work. But Chintu, who had gone to Singapore this year, vetoed it saying, "You are my fiancee now, and I do not want you to go out of India this year." Now that's male chauvinism Chintu style for you.

What are her plans after marriage?

"There is simply no question of my ever returning to films, because I never was keen on films. I have always been a home-bird. I shall be glad to chuck up my career and become a sedate housewife. And I do not mind being bossed over by the man I marry.

"Chintu wants to go in for a terrace flat with a beautiful garden and a swimming pool. In fact, he is negotiating with a couple of estate agents for such a bungalow in Juhu, but what puts us off are the gigantic prices being quoted to us just because we happen to be film stars. If we are not able to get a place of our own, we may stay at the cottage at Chembur, because Chintu wants me to get adjusted to the Kapoor way of life. Moreover, I have become quite attached to both Rajji and Chintu's mother. In fact, I consider myself very lucky to have bagged such wonderful people as my in-laws."

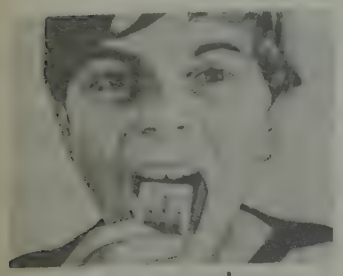
The marriage, according to Neetu, will take place on January 22 next year because even though she had announced earlier that she will not be reporting for either shooting or dubbing of her yet incomplete films after June, several of her producers had requested her to extend the deadline to October and she had to agree.

Now Neetu is all set to be a Kapoor bahu. She has hardly three months to prepare for the great event in her life when she will transform herself from Neetu Singh to Neetu Kapoor.

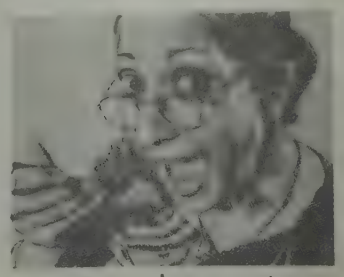
Photograph: Rakesh Shreshtha

On toasts

Between breads



Over crackers



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RATAN BATRA/FC E/438

HORRORS! A THIRD DAUGHTER!

Neera Kuckreja Sohoni

As an expectant mother, I share, of course, the great curiosity and suspense regarding the million dollar 'sex' question. Though my anxiety and prayers are infinitely more for having a healthy, normal child, in the deeper layers of my mind I know the consequence of bringing home a third daughter. This is how social beliefs tend to obsess, dictate to and penalize millions of expectant mothers

It's nearly a decade since I got married. The morning after the marriage, an old relative came to bless us. I bent down to touch her feet, and she said, totally predictably, "Beti, Dudho Naho Puto Phalo" (My child, may you bathe in milk and have the experience of fruition through many sons).

A year later, we were still without babies, when my mother-in-law visited us. Once again, as I bent down to touch her feet, she said, "You must give me a grandson soon". I debated the merits of letting that comment pass unchallenged, but quickly decided to register my protest. "Provided everything is okay, I can promise you a grandchild, but not a grandson." "Yes, yes, that is what I meant," added my mother-in-law sheepishly.

Yet, two years later, when I went in for my delivery and came back with a baby girl, I could sense some slight beginnings of anxiety that eventually turned into disappointment and despair at the birth of our second daughter. I am now expecting my third child, and apart from the moral pressure of having to justify a third conception in the current context of population control, I am aware of the unusually weighty "chip on the shoulder" which I am carrying concerning the outcome of this particular pregnancy.

Although examples abound of couples known, or closely related, to us who have had three daughters, there is a constant half-sympathetic, half-wishful stance taken by friends and relatives regarding the probability of having a baby boy. This time, if we do bring along a baby girl again, I know there are many who will think that our doom is complete.

As an expectant mother, I share, of course, the great curiosity and suspense regarding the million dollar "sex" question. But my anxiety and prayers are infinitely more for having a healthy, normal child. Yet, in the deeper layers of my mind I know the consequence of bringing home a third daughter.

This is how social beliefs tend to pervade, obsess, dictate to and penalize millions of expectant mothers in our society, and whatever the claims to the contrary, I would say without hesitation that this pressure engulfs all classes of women — whether rich or poor, literate or illiterate, professional (i.e. working) or non-working mothers-to-be.

In fact, the fear of having a third girl in a row is so potent as to dissuade mothers from going through a third pregnancy. (Those who, like me, happen to want a third child and decide to go ahead and have it, are viewed alternately as oddities or daring but witless creatures.)

* * *

The primacy of the son is part religious and part pragmatic in origin. Since the son could be relied on to assist in carrying out the family trade or profession, more so than a girl, he must have been more useful, and therefore, was assigned greater importance. In a patriarchal society, anyway, his status had to exceed that of a daughter.

The latter was considered a transient phenomenon — with eventual roots and a sense of belonging to the family into which she married. In that sense, she was not really worth investing in — either emotionally or materially. The son, on the other hand, was the pallbearer through whom inter-generational transfer of the family name, tradition and material standing could take place. His importance and value were thus undisputed.

To further fortify the son's standing, at some stage divine and religious sanctions were evoked. Thus, for instance, there were rites and rituals that could be performed by the son alone. These continue to this day and time. To that extent, they also reinforce the sacrosanct status and standing of the male child.

The aura around the male child was also sustained by mythological and folk lore, both of which had wide circulation. In most cases, a couple was shown longing for a son, and after considerable penance, being blessed by the gods with the boon of a son.

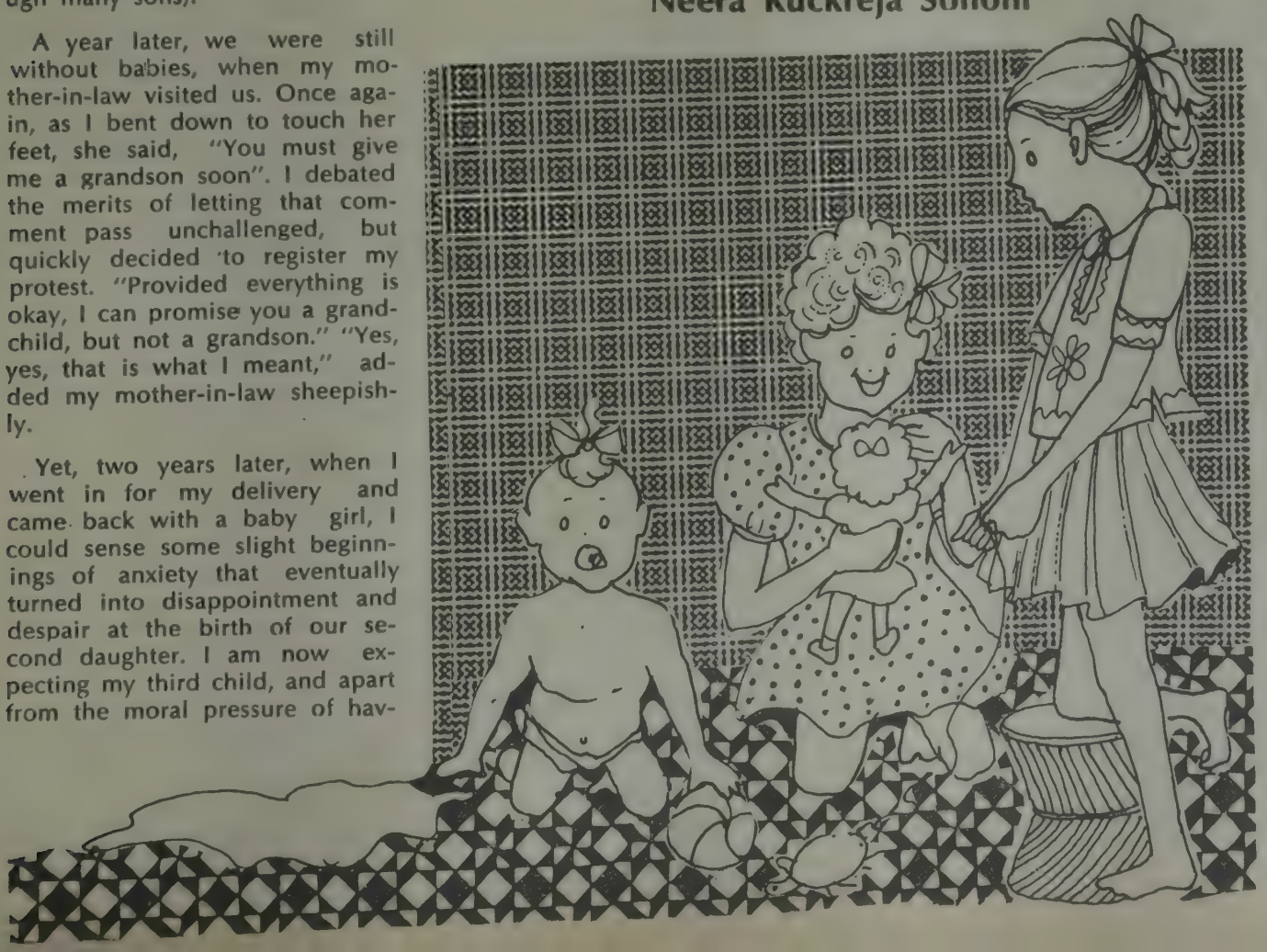
Amongst the better known mythological and other tales, there is, in fact, no reference (at least that I can easily recall) to a parental longing or penance for a female child. And so, through the weight of tradition as well as religious sanction, the preference of generations has been conditioned to having a male child and grandchild rather than female, and in some extreme cases, to having no children rather than female children.

* * *

Yet, the changing reality of modern life is tending to seriously challenge, if not erode, the validity of such a preference. There are several contributing factors. To begin with, sons are no longer necessarily following the father's trade or business. To that extent, their special utility as inheritors and promoters of a particular economic activity is lessening.

Secondly, the break up of the joint family system and, in urban areas at least, the emergence of the nuclear family have together weakened the "social security" function of the son. There are far too many instances of young couples who are either unable, reticent or unwilling to live with their elderly parents. Nor

Continued on page 51



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HORRORS! A THIRD DAUGHTER!

Continued from page 47

are they always ready or even able to support them financially.

In that context, the adage,

"A son is a son till he gets his wife. A daughter is a daughter for the rest of her life" stands generally vindicated. The daughter's loyalty and devotion to the parents is unending. Even where it cannot be translated into actual material assistance (on account of poverty of means, embarrassment in diverting husband's or in-laws' resources towards parental care, and other traditional considerations), it is still a potent source of emotional and psychological support.

The son, on the other hand, is hard put to play that role. In his case, even monetary support, where it is possible, is hampered due to pressures or counter-claims of his spouse and children. Even among the most God-fearing and devoted of sons the fact of marriage does change their commitment as well as the freedom with which they can undertake to cater to the material and emotional needs of their parents.

Some of this transformation occurs naturally, in response to the new marital role and responsibilities that the son assumes. Other factors which contribute to a change in attitude and behaviour vis-a-vis the parents are less normal or natural.

They arise, I think, from an intrinsic artificiality in the daughter-in-law/parents-in-law relationship. Particularly, the relationship with the mother-in-law is one area of familial life which somehow manages to cut into all sanctity and homogeneity of inter-generational relations. As another familiar adage goes, "No matter how hard they try, a mother-in-law can never be a mother to the daughter-in-law, and a daughter-can never be a daughter to the mother-in-law."

The seeds for inter-personal suspicions, rivalries and insecurities are sown very early in the game. Whether the daughter-in-law is hand-picked by the parents or she is "inflicted" on them as a result of the son's initiative ("love-marriage"), she remains a suspect entity and has constantly to prove her bonafides. The parents-in-law, likewise, tend to be viewed as an unavoidable burden by the daughter-in-law. In such a perpetually charged atmosphere, there is very little scope for the son to perform his filial role to his or his parents' satisfaction.

So, the motivation to have a son, at least to the extent of its functional basis, has vanished. The spiritual and other extra-functional motivations may persist for those who believe in them. In any case, such satisfaction as may, and does, accrue from having a son is a matter of mental conditioning which successive generations of counter-conditioning can alter.

* * *

The purpose of the above discussion is to try and take away some of the hysteria from this all-compelling social pressure to have a male child. A companion reason is to help generate a more balanced appreciation of the practical merits and demerits of having a male vis-a-vis a female child.

I am aware that none of what is voiced here is new or alien to the readers. In many informal conversations, this subject comes up recurrently. By simply putting those thoughts in written words I am hoping that a meaningful dialogue could start. The more these inner feelings and pressures are critically evaluated and aired, the better will be the prospects of acquiring a balanced perspective on them.

The central point to bear in mind is that in today's context, the frustrations in not having a son may be just as great as in having one. The only difference is that the latter arise when the son is grown up, the parents are in their old age, dependency sets in, and he is unable or unwilling to shoulder the responsibility.

The awareness of this eventually shaky hold on the son is surprisingly quite widespread, as my informal interviews with several close relatives, acquaintances and strangers revealed. Among these were not only middle and upper class women, but also domestic helps and those from less affluent/less educated backgrounds.

Surprisingly again, across the board, they had the same reaction to offer. Yes, they appreciated the fealty of a daughter and were either already experiencing or expecting to encounter lack of consideration from the son, but notwithstanding that and everything else, bearing a son was a must and the absence of a male child did put a peculiar social strain on a woman. Would they be terribly concerned if their daughters had only baby girls and not baby boys? Invariably I got the reply, "Yes, certainly."

In essence, what most of them conveyed was that somehow their daughter's prestige in the in-laws' household depended on whether or not she had borne a male successor, and often therefore, her chances of happiness itself were dependent on this. In other words, the bearing of a male progeny has taken on almost as much oppressive pressure as dowry, with one striking difference, viz. whereas collecting dowry can at least be within human capability, the bearing of a male child is beyond it. To that extent, the helplessness caused by the latter is much more acute.

Unfortunately, there is very little conscious effort by society or women themselves to counter this source oppressing the expectant female mind. Yet, unless we launch a counter opinion-making effort, it is likely that the fear of not having a son will continue to haunt successive generations of expectant mothers.

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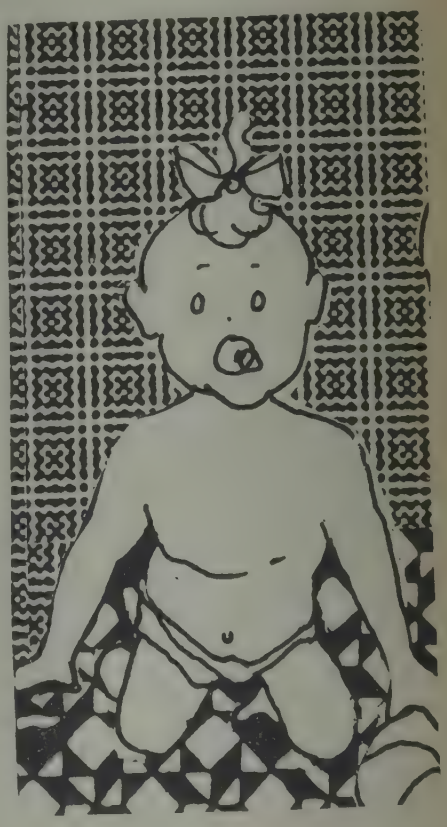

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IS DIVORCE THE ANSWER?

Kamlesh Nischol

Whether the legally available escape hatch of divorce is the right solution to marital discord is a debatable issue. But the reality today is that there has been a 400 per cent increase in family break-ups in urban areas. There is thus a need to recognize that a new pattern of family life headed by women is seeping into our social fabric

As long as society continues to regard the family as its corner stone, any threat to the solidarity or stability of that institution will be judged on moral grounds, and therefore condemned. Surrounded by an aura of religiosity, we have been conditioned to believe in the sanctity and sacramental nature of matrimonial bonds. But there has been some change in this attitude, at least among the urban educated.

Socio-economic changes and development of egalitarian values in India have caused an increasing number of couples to assert their right for a better life in the event of marriage failure. Recognition that marriage is not always a bed of roses exists today. So much so that our film makers repeatedly project marital disharmony on the screen. The users of this powerful medium, however, seem to overlook the fact that in real life factors like ego clashes, extra-marital affairs, infliction of physical / mental cruelty, disturbing marriage, do not suddenly run out of breath, find themselves defeated, resulting in a decisive adjustment between husband and wife who subsequently live "happily ever after."

DEBATABLE MORAL ISSUE

A study of 200 divorced /separated women in Delhi, revealed that prior to the final break-up of couples, the marriages had gone through degrees of stress that proved intolerable for one or both partners. There had been weeks, months, perhaps years of uncertainty and lack of sympathy. Time and again, there was optimism followed by defeat. Things would go better for a while when the partners imagined that the crisis was a fantasy of the mind, or neatly rationalised the episode as a consequence of some unpleasant event. However, the short-cut compromises arrived at acted only as a superficial balm to the deep injury festering underneath. Soon promises would be broken again. resolutions forgotten and trust betrayed, setting in motion a chain of reactions making the partners tense and intolerant of each other.

Although emotionally still unprepared, mentally the spouses had become convinced that the legal binding was not enough to keep the family structure intact. To keep themselves sane and alive, they needed to look for freedom from the bonds of matrimony.

Whether the legally available escape hatch of divorce is the right solution to marital discord is a debatable moral issue. The reality today is that there has been a 400 per cent increase in family break-ups in urban areas. There is thus a need for moral and social pundits to recognise that a new pattern of family life headed by women is seeping into our social fabric. This pattern is not confined to any particular socio-economic structure or caste /community. If one is to go by the study in Delhi, disintegration of families is equally common among the lower, middle and upper classes in all communities.

Serious misgivings have often been expressed that girls brought up in a permissive atmosphere tend to have greater difficulty in adjusting to married life. On hearing of marriage strife, prompt comes the remark, "Well, what would you expect from a convent educated girl brought up by parents who gave her the freedom to question traditional values? She won't accept any authority and so there is bound to be trouble."

DETERRENT FACTORS

For one thing, the girl alone is blamed for not making adjustments, and further, the role of parental background is cited as a crucial factor conducive to matrimonial stability and happiness. The results of the Delhi study, however, revealed that among the women interviewed 71.5 per cent belonged to families who were traditional and adhered to caste /community dictates. Those who had been exposed to western oriented education were comparatively few and their attempts to salvage the marriage were to the same extent as others.

The difference in parental background and upbringing however, was noticeable in the final decision to disintegrate. Women exposed to a more liberal education and home climate tended to take the initative in opting for separation rather than wait for the spouse to desert or file a suit in court.

No one single factor in the family background of the respondents could be identified as contributing towards their family disintegration, yet significant features that emerged were (a) insecure and unhappy childhood tended to create unrealistic marriage expectations, (b) respondents coming from nuclear homes, if married into joint families, had difficulty in accepting traditional "hierachal authority," and (c) marriage alliances based on monetary considerations or social upgrading created problems of adjustment.

Trite homilies, heavy expense. social obloquy and the fear of losing custody of children prevented over 50 per cent of the women interviewed from seeking divorce in courts. Says Mrs. X. "For one thing, the lawyers' fees were too high and he warned me that a contested case could prolong for over two years. Even if I had managed the money and had patience, I was scared. My husband threatened not only to take away my son, but also to blacken my character. Although I knew that he had no grounds to cast aspersions on me, yet the harrowing experiences of several women in the witness box in court deterred me from taking legal action. I reconciled myself to living as a 'married woman with a husband living with another girl.' "

The case of Mrs. X is in no way unique. The study revealed that among the lower socio-economic strata, the husbands deserted and were untraceable, while in the middle-and-upper-classes, the women were threatened or emotionally blackmailed. There were, of course, certain cases where the women themselves preferred residential separation to legal divorce. Their reasons were practical. Says Mrs. B, "Remarriage for me was out of question. I had two children to bring up, and after my one bitter experience I was not prepared to try again. Besides, by not obtaining divorce, I still have legal rights over my husband's pension, club membership and the social status of a married woman."

CAUSES FOR BREAK-UP

Thus the difficulties in availing oneself of the right to legally terminate marriage ties resulted in only 46.5 per cent obtaining legal divorce, while 35.5 per cent preferred residential separation, and 18 per cent could take no action as their spouses had deserted.

While the present study can not be considered conclusive in respect of the cause of family break-ups (the reasons being given by only women and thus being one dimensional), yet the indications are that in 50 per cent of the cases extraneous factors beyond the control. of the women, precipitated the disintegration. Other than the commonly known reason of unreasonable monetary demands made by in-laws and husbands. Mrs. M. confided, "On my wedding night my husband insisted on committing sodomy. He claimed that this was quite natural to him and was the only way he could enjoy sex. I was horrified. and refused to succumb to his demands. There was a scene and when

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IS DIVORCE THE ANSWER?

my in-laws came in, my husband complained that I was refusing to consummate the marriage as I loved another man. This was untrue, but how could I, before strangers, reveal the unnatural demands made by my husband? The next morning, my in-laws turned me out of the house, and although I told my parents and they in turn told the lawyers, nothing could be done as no evidence could be produced in court. Strangely enough, only impotence, and that too physical, can be grounds for obtaining divorce. What if men suffer from sex aberrations?"

INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION

If Mrs. M's case was an uncommon one, there were several where the husband's extra-marital affairs caused disharmony in marriage. To quote Mrs. L., "A week after my marriage, I found my neighbour's daughter constantly keeping the company of my husband. After office hours, he preferred to be in the neighbour's house to being with me. Newly married, I asked no questions until a month later I saw my husband and the neighbour's girl in a compromising position on the terrace. Of course, I created a scene, but to my surprise both the neighbours and my in-laws informed me that for years my husband had treated the neighbour's daughter as a wife. The parents had hoped that after his marriage to me the relationship would break. Alas! For me there was no hope as my husband blatantly told me that I would either have to accept that relationship or leave. What choice did I have? I left for my parents' house and was never asked to come back nor was my husband willing to give a divorce."

In the case like that of Mrs. L. perhaps our tradition bound male dominated society would proclaim that "to go to bed with women other than their wives is the done thing for potent males, "but would such conventional myths satisfy the emancipated modern woman? Surely, when societal mores have altered, when wives are looked upon as the social and economic co-partners of their spouses, can they be compelled to be the "repositories of their husbands' lust" when the man wants her during the intervals between affairs?

There are many more reasons which make life intolerable for partners in marriage. However, in brief, the present study revealed that:

a) Urban women by and large felt caught in the web of "urban neurosis" where there was hardly any communication with the spouse.

b) At all levels of the socio-economic strata, unreasonable and irrational demands were made on the women by husbands and in-laws.

Although marriage break-ups occurred from between few days after marriage to after 16 years, a distressing feature was that the bulk of disintegration occurred within the first three years of marriage. In fact, women who had contracted marriages after the age of 25 years had the minimum married span of three years, while those marrying between 18 and 21 years had a maximum average span of six to seven years. Considering that most late marriages are love marriages, one could question whether greater expectations in love marriages caused greater disillusionment, thus disrupting the relationship.

Educational attainment of women vis-a-vis their marriage span revealed no significant relationship. In fact, along the entire line of educational standards, from illiteracy to post-graduation, there were instances of marriage break-ups within a few days as well as after 16 years.

As regards the gainful employment of women affecting the stability of their married life, it was of interest to note that of the women interviewed, hardly 50 per cent were employed at the time of disintegration. Obviously, the situation was so intolerable that even a bleak financial future did not deter the women from seeking freedom from the marriage. Tolerating an unhappy marriage was surprisingly noticeable among women holding status jobs with a four figure salary. "Could it be," wondered Mrs. Q. "that the hen that lays golden eggs is tolerated until she decides to quit?" Of course, little can be said at this stage whether job satisfaction compensated for domestic disharmony, or whether the salary drawn was too attractive for the husband/in-laws, resulting in the marriage span in such cases to be on an average 7.5 years as against 4.5 years for those having no gainful employment or holding low status jobs.

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FEAR OF SOCIAL STIGMA

Going by the results of the present study, one can say that a more rational and pragmatic view of marriage is being adopted by urban women. Being a "doormat" in the home, occupied primarily with the bearing and upbringing of children, is not satisfying enough. Their need is for a greater mutuality in all spheres of life. In fact, if they have to perform the triple role of housewife, mother and co-earner, they expect full participation from the spouses.

Needless to say, with one chapter of a woman's life being over, the new one subsequent to the break-up does not open with the fresh flowers of spring. Immediate problems of financial insecurity, accommodation, management of household chores normally handled by a man, and the care of children confront all who have chosen or have been forced to choose a single parent unit.

The study revealed the magnitude of the problems faced by such women, and the difficulty they faced in finding solutions on account of society's attitude towards them. Even their own kith and kin hang their heads in shame implying that "the action of their daughter/sister had brought a slur to the family's name." If their own folk felt no moral responsibility to help them regain entry into society again, is it any wonder that in the outside world, "men looked upon them with anticipation and women with suspicion"?

Indian society adopts an ostrich-like policy in disregarding the problems of disintegrated families. Can one, however, stem the tide of evolution by ignoring its existence? Legislation may have offered an escape from the agony of marital discord, but little has been done to gear societal attitudes to a better understanding of the suppressed "Abla."

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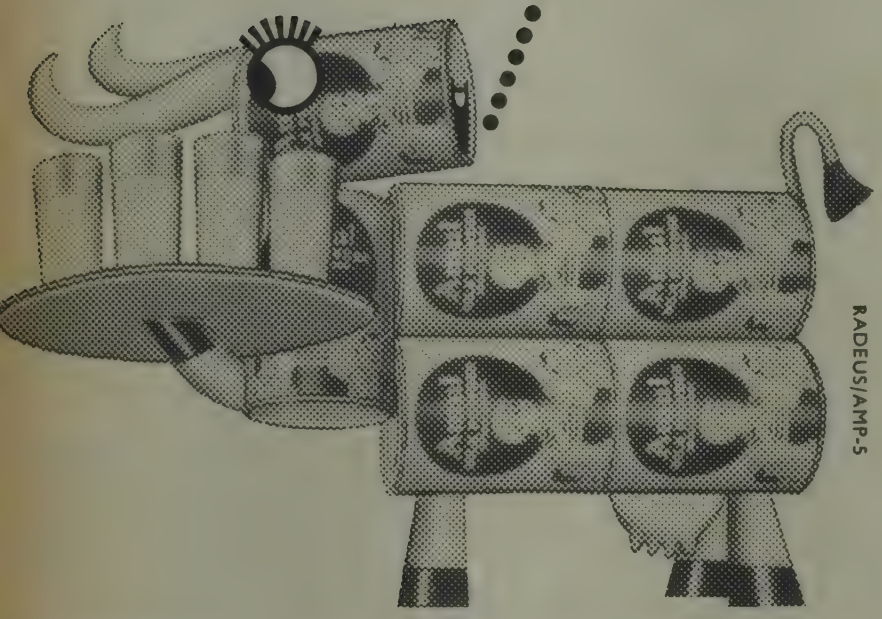

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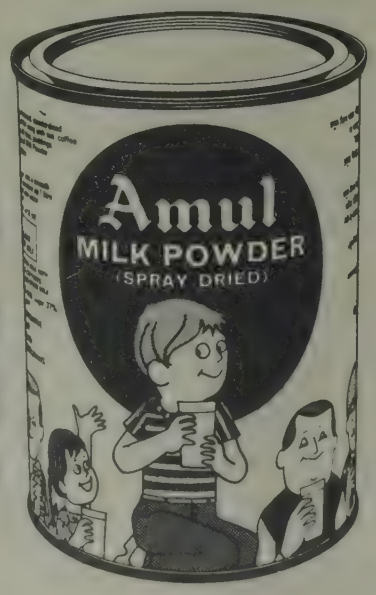

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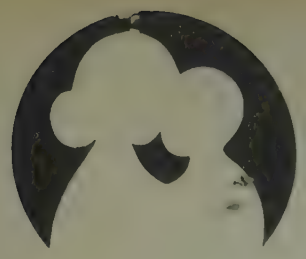

ANKLETS FOR CHINNI

Subhashini Ramaswami

It was one of those lovely early mornings in mid-January, when everything is cool, hazy, and fresh with dew. Serenity pervaded the early rising Tamil village of Allikulam, but this serenity was slightly disturbed by a joyous festive feeling with which the people woke up and smiled at each other happily. Yes, the month of Thai was fast approaching, and that meant the gay Pongal festival was close at hand.

Chinni, the village postmaster's ten-year-old daughter, sat on the window sill of her room in the ancient, newly whitewashed house, peered into the fading mist, and waited. A faraway cuckoo went "cooh-ooh... cooh ooh.." in a plaintive, shrill voice, and a number of cockerels belonging to the milkman crowed in unison.

The muffled voices of the milkman and his teen-aged son could also be heard somewhere at the end of the street. It was still dark, but Chinni rubbed her eyes, and stared more intensely at the gradually crimson-turning-sky, and the vague outlines of houses in her street. The temple bell tolled far away, and almost immediately a loud-speaker began to sing a religious song accompanied by a loud orchestra.

A little later, Geetha, the girl who lived opposite Chinni's, came out with a pail of cowdung mixed water, and a long, thick coconut broom. She neatly swept the road in front of her house, and deftly sprayed the water. Then she produced a glittering metal box, from which she took out a little rice flour, sat on her haunches, and proceeded to put a kolam on the neatly swept place.

Chinni's mind refused to get interested in the beautiful, intricate design of the kolam. Geetha's talent for creating some of the most complicated yet lovely kolams was well known. A popular Tamil weekly had recently interviewed her, and had made her their cover girl, with one of her dot kolams in the background. Geetha's mother, had proudly taken it from house to house, saying that Geetha had even received a couple of marriage proposals after that weekly was published.

Geetha soon finished her kolam, went around it a couple of times to admire her own work, looked around to see if anyone else was also admiring it, and then went indoors.

Old Perisami thatha, who was on his morning walk, came marching in his worn-out old woollen muffler, outrageous pink sweater above his dhoti and shirt, and a lionheaded walking stick. He paused in front of the kolam and nodded his head approvingly.

There came a soft squeak, and a window slowly opened in Geetha's house — a window facing the street, and even Chinni's ten-year-old brain understood that Geetha was peeping out from behind the curtains to see and hear what Perlasami thatha was going to do, and say. Periasami thatha was soon joined by the retired headmaster, with a perpetual frown over his eyebrows, holding up one end of his khadi dhoti.

SUDDENLY CHINNI HEARD WHAT SHE HAD BEEN WAITING TO HEAR. HER HEART GAVE A JUMP, AND SHE SETTLED DOWN MORE COMFORTABLY ON THE SILL . . .

"D'you know whether Muthu's shop will be open now?" asked the retired H. M.

"Good piece of work, this kolam," said Periasami thatha.

"Sure sure. .Wife wanted chillies and mustard for twenty-five paise. .Must go to that silly little shop. .Actually I doubt whether that chap Muthu will give me any. I happen to owe him a wee bit."

"One of the most beautiful kolams I've ever seen. The girl's gifted indeed, and why not? She's that famous Brahada's grand-daughter after all. I've heard that in those days, even the cattle strolling along the streets used to pause and tread carefully so that Brahada's kolams wouldn't get spoilt. Ah, those were the days!"

"Indeed, it is so. Just take me for instance. In spite of having four grown-up sons, I'm the one who's sent early in the morning to buy chillies and mustard. Once a man retires, everybody immediately decides that he's got nothing to do, and so can do everything nobody else wants to do."

It was then that Chinni heard what she was waiting to hear. Her heart gave a jump, and she settled down more comfortably on the sill. The day had by now dawned and the mist had almost vanished. A soft tinkle of bells came first, accompanied by girlish giggles . . .and then they came into view.

All were girls about Chinni's age, the eldest being Brinda, who was twelve. The H. M. and Periasami thatha promptly forgot all about morning walks, chillies, and mustard and sat down on the pyal of Geetha's house. Geetha's parents, and uncle also came out and squatted on the pyal, while Geetha stood at the doorway.

There were six little girls that day — all decked up in long, shimmering silk skirts with broad zari borders, and satin blouses, with long gold chains around their necks. Their hair was tightly plaited into thin long plaits with pretty kunjalams having three velvet balls at the end. And of course, there were the strands of jasmines and camomiles in their hair, gold and glass bangles on their wrists, and finally the inevitable brass or silver anklets on their slim young ankles.

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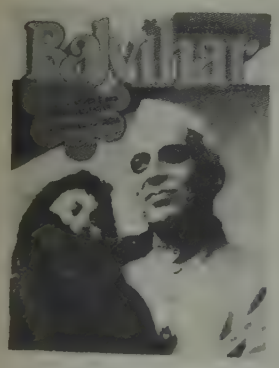

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ANKLETS FOR CHINNI

Chinni watched enviously. The girls were now chatting and laughing loudly. Brinda, of course, was boasting away, her nose up in the air, strutting about as though she owned the place. Silly little show off! One day, decided Chinni, I'll teach her a lesson.

"When are you girls going to start dancing? I've got work inside," said Geetha's mother, and so the girls began to sing and dance Kummi.

And then they clapped each other's palms in rhythm with the Kummi song which went something like...

> "Clap Kummi, O girl, clap Kummi,
> With bangles jingling, clap Kummi,
> To chase away the demons within us,
> To make our country rich and fertile,
> Clap Kummi, O girl, clap kummi..."

And after the dance was over Geetha came out to give each little girl a ball of jaggery and rice with cashew nuts in it. And embedded within each ball, deep inside, would be a coin. Sometimes, if one were lucky, one might even discover a one-rupee coin within. There were exited squeals from the girls, and Brinda threw up her hands and cried, "I've got a fifty paise coin!"

Chinni didn't bother to find out what happened after that. She carefully got down from the sill, and sat down on the rickety old chair nearby. Those girls would have come to her door now. Brinda would flaunt her new silk skirt, and show that she had a pretty lacy underskirt too.

All of a sudden, Chinni felt a wave of depression sweep over her. "Whenever," she reflected. "will I be like them? Oh no, I never, ever can be like any of them. For one, I don't have kunjalams. The only one I had, that wicked little Seenu dipped into the Cavery river, and that was the end of my kunjalams. And I have no anklets either. And above all, I walk with this terrible limp. But then, I've got such long hair and will never have to use false hair like Brinda and her gang. And, as granny says, I've got pretty, expressive eyes too, haven't I?"

She could now hear the jingling anklets, and "Clap kummi O girl..." at her door. "I won't see it," she told herself, but the temptation was too much, and so she stealthily crept to the window, and peeped through the hinges. And finally, after the girls had all disappeared, Chinni's mother came to her room and gave her also a ball of jaggery, along with her cup of milk. "But why the jaggery for me?" Chinni wanted to know, "I didn't dance..."

"So what if my little Chinni didn't dance?" said her mother. "Chinni kutti's got the prettiest face in the entire Allikulam, and the longest hair. Perhaps, you will dance next year, like your grandmother says."

Chinni wasn't born with the limp. It suddenly appeared from nowhere, when she was just recovering from a mysterious fever, when she'd turned seven.

How it happened, nobody knew. The village doctor did prescribe some pills, but nothing worked. "It was because of the evil eyes those jealous, good-for-nothing relatives cast on my Chinni," said her mother mournfully. And her grandmother said it was because Chinni's father had not visited their family shrine in their native village for more than six years. But Chinni didn't really mind it — it hurt her only when she realised that she wouldn't be able to take part in the dances in which all other village girls took part.

Chinni, like every other child in the village, eagerly awaited the festival season which came around in mid-January. It was the time for the ripe, brown paddy fields to be harvested, for the great Pongal festival when people thanked the Sun God for having showered them with so much wealth. It was the time for houses to be newly whitewashed and painted, for fresh green mango leaves to be hung in the doorways, for cattle-horns to be painted in bright colours, and to hang coloured beads and garlands around their necks, to hold kolam competitions, to taste the newly harvested rice in the form of sweet pongal and salted pongal, to buy new clothes at the Pongal fairs.

But for Chinni, Pongal was the time for early morning Kummi, for balls of jaggery, for new silk skirts and blouses, for flowers and gaily decked cattle, for tall juicy sugarcanes, the tasty pongal rice and finally, for the arrival of Chuppuni uncle, her father's brother from Madras.

Chuppuni's real name was Subramaniam which in due course, evolved to become Subbu, then Chuppu, and peremptorily Chuppuni. Chuppuni had lost his wife when he was very young and had never married again. All the numerous attempts of his family to get him remarried proved futile. He was a Central government officer in Madras, where he stayed with some of his cousins. He doted on children. And especially his brother's children in Allikulam.

He made it a point to be present at Allikulam for every Pongal, though it was very difficult indeed to come all the way from Madras for just a two-day stay. And when Chuppuni uncle came to Allikulam, he never came empty-handed. Gift parcels would form more than half his luggage, and the entire postmaster's family, except Chinni and her grandmother, would go to the railway station to meet him.

And so, this winter too, Chuppuni uncle came loaded with gifts. Chinni stood at her doorstep. She knew that Chuppuni uncle always had a soft corner for her, for he always said that Chinni was the most determined balanced little girl he had ever seen. And so, he came over to Chinni, his large pink face red with joy, lifted her up in his strong brown arms, kissed her cheek, and secretly popped a Cadbury eclaire into her mouth. And later, after all the greetings, and formalities of hospitality were over, the entire family sat down in the main hall. Chinni sat on her uncle's lap, and gazed up at him with adoring eyes. And he asked her, "Well Chinni kutti, happy with your new dress?"

"Oh yes, it's such a lovely red skirt — as red as pomegranate flowers!" gushed Chinni, but since she continued to look wistful, he whispered to her, "Does little Chinni want something else?" And out she came with, "Yes, mama, I want a pair of silver anklets," in a loud and clear voice.

A sudden hush fell in the room, but Chuppuni uncle smiled and promised, "Yes, Chinni dear, I'll get a lovely pair for you from Madras, as soon as I go there." Then turning to his brother, he said, "And, ah, that reminds me, Anna, I have a physiotherapist friend who feels he can do wonders for Chinni, after I'd told him all about her. He's gone abroad now, but as soon as he comes back, we'll get rid of Chinni's limp. And as for you, my pet, I'll see to it that you get your anklets very soon."

"No, Chuppu, you're not getting any anklets for her," said Chinni's father. "You're spending more than enough on her, as it is. You know that anklets will be of little use to a girl who finds it difficult even to walk properly. And Chinni, you shouldn't ask your uncle for such things. They'd only be a waste of his hard earned money.

He stopped, seeing the burning anger in her eyes. "I can walk, oh yes, I can. And I need the anklets. How can you say I can't walk?" she cried out indignantly, and rose up to show them she really could. "See? I can! After some time, I'll even dance like Brinda and her friends, even better than Brinda, Won't I, granny?"

Her granny, a very tactful woman, smiled and nodded. "Of course, Chinni will dance like all the others one day, but then child, don't you think it will take a little time for you to start dancing? And at that time you'd need a new pair of anklets, won't you, dear? So why not wait till then? Meanwhile, you can use your sister's old pair till you get your own. Now, that's a dear."

This was heartily agreed upon, and Chuppuni uncle was talked out of buying anklets just then. The next morning, Chinni's mother tied the old pair of brass anklets round Chinni's ankles.

Chinni was fascinated. She went to school with a hop and a jump, so that her anklets jingled cheerfully. In class she kept getting on her teachers' nerves, as she stamped her feet hard, or suddenly kicked her feet at the chair in front of her... simply to hear the bells on her anklets tinkle.

Continued on page 64

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CARING FOR YOUR TWO-WHEELER

Dilip Bam

With petrol at over Rs. 4.50 a litre, lubricating oil at over Rs. 10 a litre and a set of four tyres costing over Rs. 1,200, who can afford a car that costs over half a lakh to buy? Not to talk of parking problems in big cities!

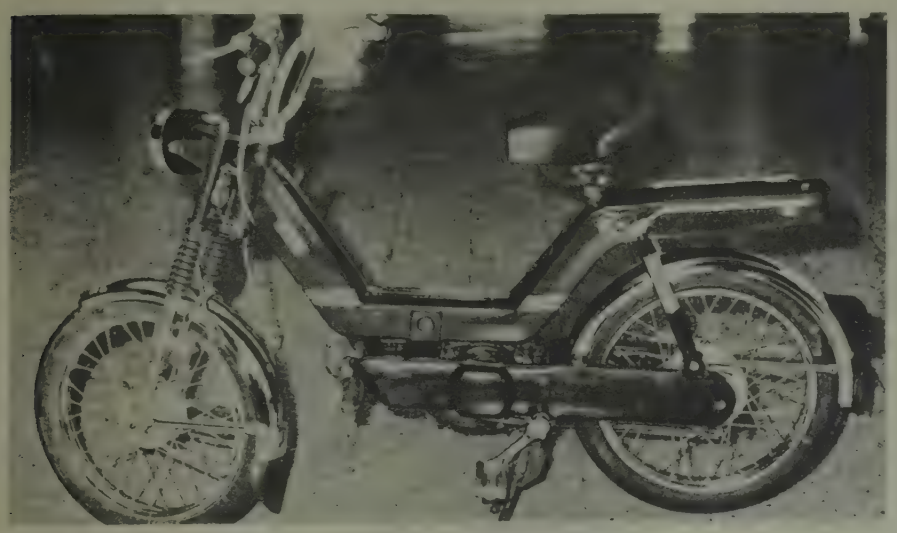
A two-wheeler is very much cheaper by comparison. Basically two wheelers are of three types:

1. Mopeds
2. Scooters
3. Motorcycles

The essential difference between the above three classes is one of engine size, though the most distinguishable outward feature is the wheel size and the general shape of the machine. Indian made mopeds have an engine capacity of around 50cc, scooters around 150cc and motorcycles over 150cc.

1. MOPEDS

The characteristic feature of a moped is, as the name implies, that it can be a machine powered vehicle as well as a human powered one (mo-motor powered; ped-pedal powered). There are separate transmission systems for propelling by machine and for propelling by human power, each being independent of the other.



Moped

If, for example, you ran out of petrol in mid-journey while riding a moped, you could simply press a button (or a lever) and disengage the machine and you are left with the equivalent of an ordinary bicycle and you can pedal till the nearest petrol pump. This can also be done if your engine conks out for some reason and you need to make for the nearest mechanic.

Another simpifying feature of a moped is that it generally involves no changing of gears as in scooters and motorcycles. This is achieved by having an arrangement called a "centrifugal clutch," which engages and disengages automatically depending on the speed of the engine.

A moped is the cheapest means of mechanical private transport and is designed to carry one person at speeds of up to 50 km per hour. (Actually in a recent race between a LUNA moped and the Deccan Queen, which is the fastest train between Pune and Bombay, the LUNA moped won — inspite of the Poona-Bombay road being one of the busiest roads in the country.) In actual practice however the number of persons that can be carried on a moped depends more on police regulations than on the moped itself e.g. on a Luna moped you can have a pillion rider in Hyderabad but not in Pune — the reason for this being known only to the Government concerned as in all other things that the governments do or don't.

Prices of mopeds have gone up by around 50 per cent over the last eighteen months. Today a moped costs between Rs. 2800 and Rs. 3200 and as usual over 30 per cent of this comprises government taxes. And according to latest reports, one has to wait for over six months to get one of the better brands.

Mopeds give up to 60 km per litre of petrol though some manufacturers claim more. This claim of more than 60 km per litre should be checked by actual testing on the road. At 60 km per litre the cost works out to less than eight paise per km. which is as cheap as taking a bus. Easy maintenance is another thing that makes a moped so cheap and convenient. It requires little or no maintenance and the only regular (if at all necessary) check required is to see if there is enough air in the tyres — a thing one has to do even for ordinary bicycles.

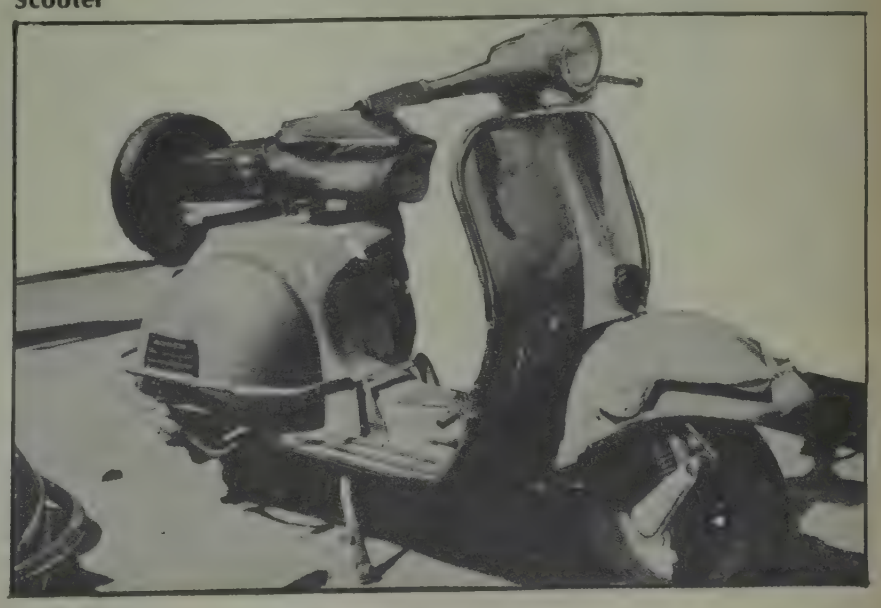
2. SCOOTERS

Scooters cost about twice as much as mopeds in everything. Price of a new scooter is about double the price of a new moped, it needs about twice the amount of petrol to cover the same distance, spare parts cost twice as much as moped spare parts, maintenance costs are double, and a mechanic will charge you twice the amount of what you pay for getting an equivalent job done on a moped. RTO tax for a scooter is also double that for a moped. But a scooter can carry double the load, goes twice as fast, and generally lasts longer, if not exactly double. In fact, scooters are a boon to the middle class. Husband, wife and two children on a scooter are a very common sight.

A scooter has two very distinct advantages — one of which is also a disadvantage. Firstly and most importantly, the front and rear wheels are interchangeable and there is provision for carrying a spare wheel. Changing a flat tyre is very simple and takes just about two minutes. The other inherent advantage of a scooter is that because of its shape, if you ride through a puddle, water cannot splash on your legs. This is very important for people who believe in spotless clothes.

The disadvantage in a scooter is that because of smaller wheels, if you hit a sizeable ditch or obstacle (which is very

Scooter



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What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia and infection of the upper respiratory tract.

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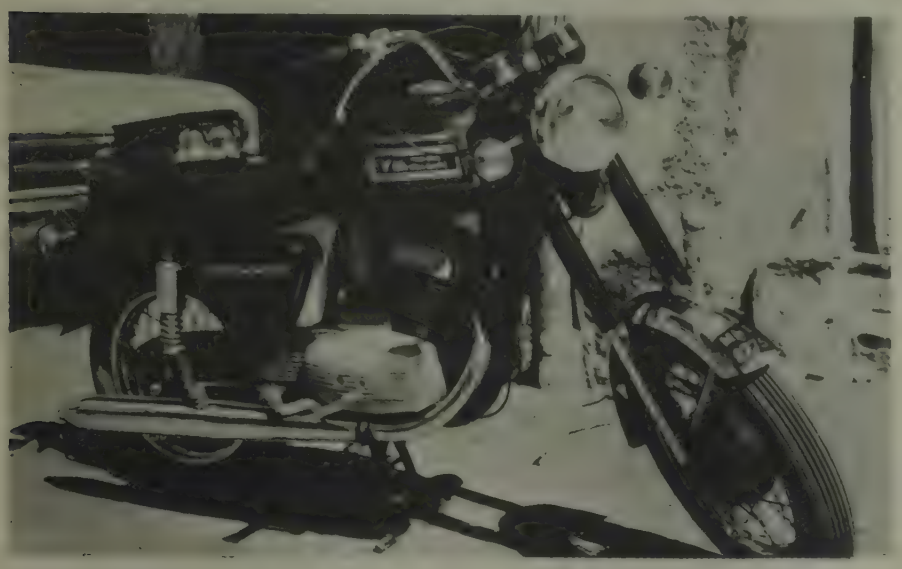
very often in any town in our country) you are liable to go for a toss. Another characteristic feature of scooters is that gear changing is done by the hand and not by the foot as in motorcycles.

Some of the scooters made in this country are very good and worth the money you pay for them.

3. MOTORCYCLES

Only three brands of motorcycles are made in India today. The smallest and cheapest is the Rajdoot which has a 175 cc engine and has one of the best suspensions (shock absorbing) in the world. The second is the Yezdi which has a 250 cc engine and a very sporty look. The greatest advantage of a Yezdi is that its two wheels are interchangeable like those of a scooter and hence one can carry a spare tyre and not fear getting bogged down because of a flat tyre. This is very rare in motorcycles anywhere in the world and definitely unique in India. The third brand is the Royal Enfield. This company makes the famous "Bullet" which has a 350cc engine (the only four-stroke engined motorcycle made in India) and is the largest motorcycle made in the country. It is also the standard issue in the Indian Army. Enfield also make 175 cc and 200 cc two-stroke versions.



Motorcycle

Generally, a two-wheeler is a very good buy because it is ideal for the middle class if one is not basically averse to two-wheelers. They cost between one sixteenth to one fifth of a car and cost much less to maintain. The best thing about them is that many can afford them.

COMMON TERMS AND WHAT THEY MEAN:

Horse Power: Technically it means the ability to do 75 meter-kilograms of work per second. In lay terms one h.p. means the ability to vertically raise or lift a weight of 75 kg by one meter every second continuously. When one talks of an engine of so many cc it means the volume displaced by the piston in the cylinder in cubic centimeters.

Gear: A toothed wheel.

Clutch: An arrangement to transmit motion from the engine to the wheels through the gears.

Getting the best out of your two-wheeler: The engine and working of two-wheelers are exactly the same as those of a car, except that all two-wheelers have air-cooled engines and hence there is no radiator (as in a car) and hence no need to check water levels. Scooters and mopeds don't have a battery either, and hence the need to check water in the battery also does not arise. All Indian made two-wheelers (except the Enfield Bullet) have two stroke engines which are extremely simple in design and need next to no maintenance. If the following things are done regularly, your two-wheeler should give years of dependable service:

1. Maintain the correct air-pressure in the tyres. The recommended pressures are given in the owner's manual which comes with each vehicle. Tyres are very very expensive and maintaining correct tyre pressures increases the tyre life considerably and also makes for lower fuel consumption.

2. Do not accelerate suddenly nor brake suddenly. Sudden acceleration causes faster wear as also very high fuel consumption. Sudden braking causes rapid tyre and brake wear — both of which can be expensive replacements.

3. The most important thing is to change engine oil regularly. The frequency of oil change is given in the owner's manual. It is better to change the engine oil at the end of a long trip while the engine is still hot. Remember, regular change of engine oil does for your vehicle what a holiday in the hills does for you. Ensure that you use the recommended grade of engine oil.

4. In all two-wheelers one has to mix a certain percentage of lubricating oil in the petrol itself. It is however found that adding around 25 per cent more lubricating oil than recommended increases engine life considerably even though your engine may be slightly more smoky.

5. Change/clean the air filter as recommended. This also has considerable effect on engine performance and life. The filter is located next to the carburettor. Most scooters and mopeds still use a wire mesh type filter and for cleaning it you have to simply wash it with petrol. Washing it once in two months is enough.

6. Check all visible nuts bolts and screws for tightness occasionally. Once a month is OK. This would require two double ended side wrenches — size 14/17mm and 19/22mm — and one screw driver. All three together would cost around Rs. 20. Be especially particular about axle bolts and wheel bolts. Do not overtighten. As a thumb rule, if your weight is 55 kg (120 lbs) your full strength is the correct tightening force except for the wheel and axle bolts. For these, ask someone who is stronger.

7. Keep your fuel tank full — always if possible. The quality of petrol one gets in our country leaves much to be desired and sometimes a solid particle might get stuck somewhere along the fuel circuit. Keeping the tank full prevents this to some extent. Investing Rs. 10 to Rs. 15 in a lockable tank cap is worthwhile.

MINOR TROUBLES: STARTING

About the most commonly encountered problem in two-wheelers is starting trouble. If you have this problem proceed as follows:

a) Check if there is petrol in the tank.

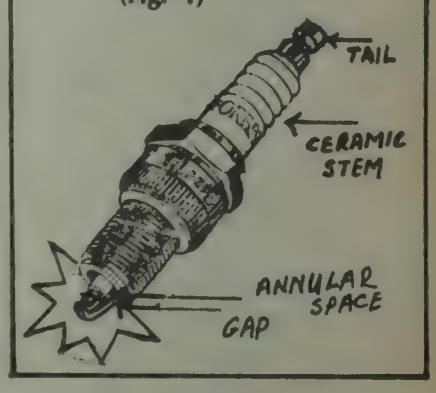
b) Try the choke and kick. If the engine starts, immediately de-choke.

c) Tilt the vehicle to the right hand side as low as your strength permits and hold it tilted for about five to ten seconds (if it is a scooter), and kick again. For a moped, shake it as violently as your strength permits and try starting again.

d) If it still does not start, remove the petrol tank cap, put your mouth to the opening and blow as hard as you can (you might feel nauseated for a few seconds because of the petrol vapour, but it is worth it if you can stand the smell).

e) If it still does not start, you should clean the spark plug. The spark plug looks like this (fig. 1)

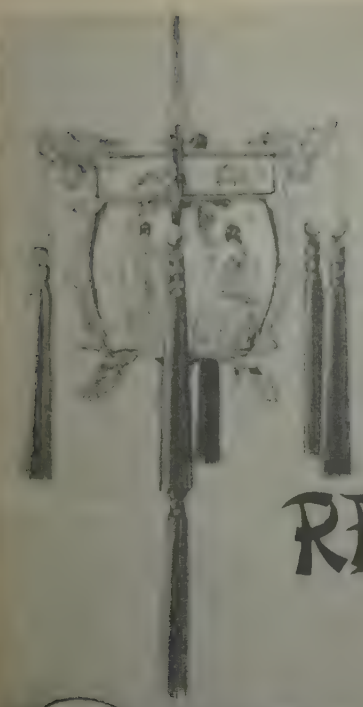
SPARK PLUG
(Fig. 1)



and is located at the top of the engine. An electric cable is plugged to the tail of the spark plug which is protruding out of the engine (the head of the spark plug is inside the engine into which it is screwed). Gently unplug this cable and unscrew the spark plug with the "plug wrench" (note each model of two-wheeler has its own typical plug wrench and you must ALWAYS carry it with you). Take a piece of sandpaper or emery paper, fold it once and insert it in the plug "gap" shown and "sand" the gap by moving the sandpaper rapidly to and fro in the gap about 20/25 times. While you are at it you might as well clean the rest of the plug with the same sandpaper. After cleaning, wash the plug thoroughly with petrol from your tank. Rinse out the annular space also with petrol two three times. After the plug is thoroughly clean let it dry for a minute. Before you fit back the plug do the following:

1) Press the tail of the plug back into the socket of the cable from which you had unplugged it earlier.

Continued on page 67



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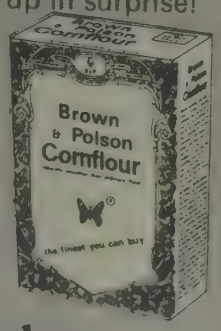

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the secret helper
of the best Chinese cooks!

ANKLETS FOR CHINNI

Continued from page 59

During intervals, lunch hours, before and after school, she would go to the temple pond filled with water-lilies and cool green water (Incidentally the village derived its name Allikulam, which means "lily pond" from this pond) and sit down on the last step with her feet in the water. She would throw fried rice to the fish, watch cheerfully as they came tumbling over each other and she'd make faces at the toads which glared at her from the lily leaves.

Her left foot did hurt when she kicked her feet, but the bells jingled and she enjoyed kicking her feet under water for it was fun to hear the anklets go quiet under water, and come out jingling. At times, when no one was watching, she even danced kummi round the banyan tree which grew near the pond. At other times she played games with her friends...

The winter soon passed, turned into the scorching summer and her sister tried to teach her swimming in the pond, holding on to a brass pot for support. Then followed the monsoon, and in a short while, Deepavali, the festival of lights and crackers, came too. It was then that Chinni's grandmother noticed the change.

Chinni was one day returning home from the pond, dreaming about dances and Deepavali, when she noticed her grandma looking at her quizzically, "My God, Chinni, if my aged eyes aren't seeing things! Walk a few steps before me, child — again," she said, and Chinni, rather bewildered, did so only to find herself suddenly clasped in her grandma's arms. The old lady kissed the top of her head, and wept tears of joy...

"It's gone, Chinni kutti, that limp... O Visalam...!" she called out to Chinni's mother. "It's gone indeed, that limp, my dear. So the Lord has answered our prayers at last... We must go to Palani, and then to our family shrine to offer thanks, we must." And so the entire family laughed happily wondered how the "miracle" took place, and Chinni's back began to ache from constant thumping.

The year drew to an end and Chinni turned eleven. The winter was back again, and the rice fields were soon ripe and brown, ready for harvest. It was soon time for Chuppuni uncle to come, and indeed, he did come. He was half way down the street, when a little figure with long hair, and swishing skirts, came charging into his arms. There was confusion in his eyes at first then recognition, wonder, and finally, an inexpressible joy.

That afternoon, they all sat down in the main hall to discuss how the miracle took place. Grandmother's conclusion was that "It was simply because God heard my long prayers at last." As for Chinni's mother, she said, "It was because of the various poojas I made to destroy the evil eyes cast on my beloved Chinni."

Her father came out with the most sensible idea that it must have been due to the pond water in which Chinni had forever kept kicking her legs, and playing happily. The water was pure, clean, maybe had the juice of some unknown herbs which cured her. But Chinni said, "It was because of the anklets, my brass anklets, though I'd have liked silver anklets. They are prettier."

A day later, Chuppuni and Chinni were walking hand in hand into "Thanikavel and Sons", well known jewellers in the big bazar. Chinni sat on a satin covered stool while her uncle looked at anklets of different designs. They finally settled for a beautiful pair of mango patterned silver anklets with tiny bells. And then they went to the local Pongal fair and bought lovely red velvet kunjalams with sequins, coloured beads, and gold bells stitched on them with gold thread.

It was, again, another early morning covered with mist, and there was a rather shabbily drawn kolam in front of Geetha's house, for Geetha wasn't there. She had married and left for Hyderabad the previous September. But the little girls in silk skirts, satin blouses, anklets, and kunjalams were very much there and had just formed a line, to begin the kummi dance. The first was a round-eyed thin little girl from the second street, and the second girl with huge eyes, long plait, and easy grace, was Chinni!

WOMEN IN FOCUS

GEETA DHARMARAJAN

VOLUNTARY SOCIAL WORK

As the District Director of the Women's Voluntary Service, Geeta launched a mammoth flood-relief project to aid the victims of the recent cyclone and floods which caused untold havoc in the Nilgiris. Working hand-in-hand with the Collectorate, the relief project was extremely well organized. While

the Collectorate set up various relief centres and provided food and medical help, the W.V.S. collected and distributed clothes for each family. It is a measure of Geeta's sincerity and dedication that she personally visited every relief centre and distributed clothes to each member of an afflicted family. As a mark of appreciation of her services, the Tamil Nadu government presented her with a certificate of merit and proficiency.

Geeta Dharmarajan has given a new dimension, and a definite sense of future direction to the Nilgiris branch of the W.V.S. with her fresh ideas, dynamic administration, her methodical organization and, above all, her boundless enthusiasm. It was during her directorship of the W. V. S. that a package scheme of health services (including free medical check-ups and immunization programmes) for children in municipal schools was launched. This scheme has proved to be immensely successful, particularly as a follow-up system has also been implemented.

It is a measure of Geeta's drive and dynamism that she has collected over Rs. 1 lakh for the flood victims, and launched a housing project for them.

A member and correspondent of the International Child Welfare Service, Geeta has impressed the authorities so much by her sincere dedication to the welfare of children that a creche started in Ooty by the ICWS has been named after her.

Born in Madras, Geeta had her schooling at Holy Angels School, and her college education at S.I.E.T., Q.M.C., and Stella Maris, where she did her P.U.C., B.A., and M.A. in English Literature. "I've always been passionately fond of English Literature," says Geeta, who was ranked 4th in the state in the M.A. examination.

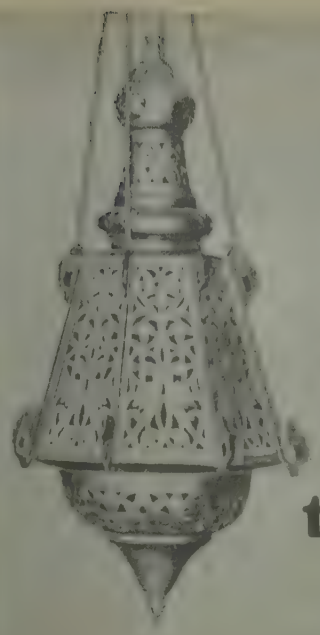
Bharata Natyam was an even earlier love, and still remains one for Geeta. "I started dancing at the age of six or seven," she says. "I trained first under Smt. Kaushalya and Swamimalai Rajaratnam Pillai, and then with the Dhananjeyans." She had her arangetram in '61, and was later awarded the State Natak Academy scholarship for Bharata Natyam jointly with her sister Girija.

Like all highly talented and artistic people, Geeta has many means of self expression. Writing is one of them, and she has had her articles published in many leading publications in India. Fond of handicrafts, Geeta is adept at batik, tie and dye, rangoli, and macrame, to name only a few.

Geeta has two children, Tulasi, (6) and Guha (5) who (with their father of course), take top priority in her life.

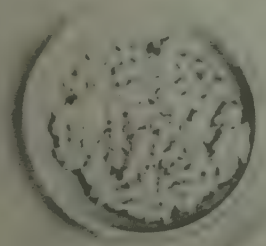
On being asked about her philosophy of life, Geeta reflected for a moment, and then replied, "I suppose it is acceptance of life." And after a little pause: "Tagore expressed this idea so beautifully when he said 'If you cry that you missed the sun, you also miss the stars.'"

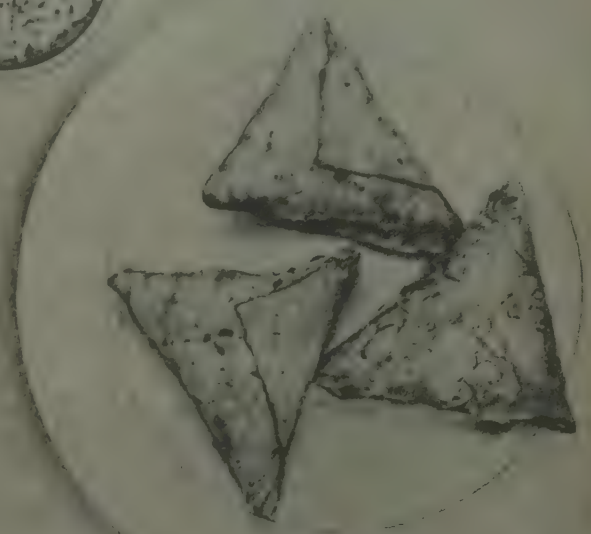
Indu Mallah



Guess where you can get the crunchiest samosas...

...and fluffiest idlis
and softest gulab jamuns
and flakiest patties
and puffiest pakoras
and lightest omelettes...





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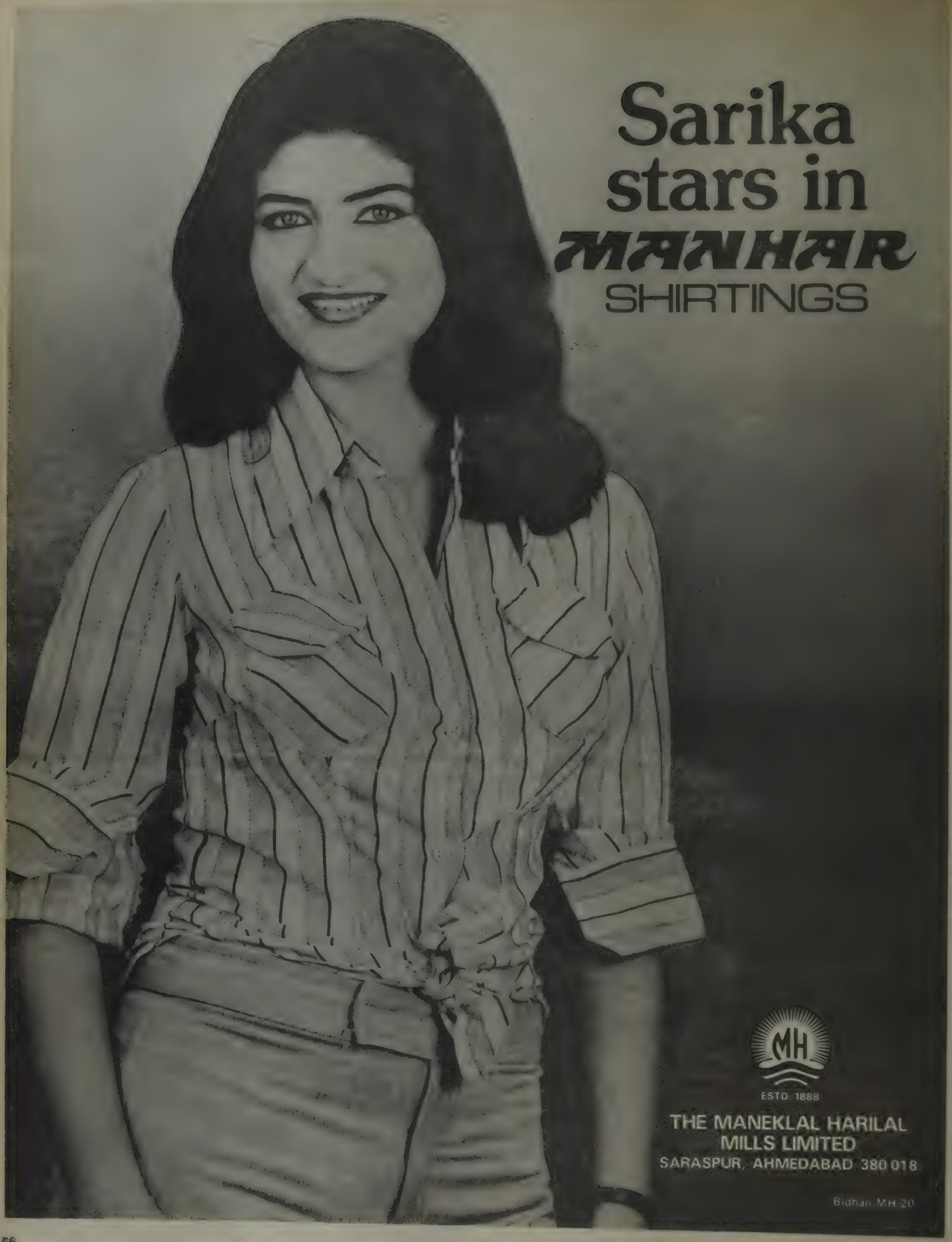
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HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

KEEP YOUNG, AS YOU GROW OLD

I recently read a very wise piece of advice from Patience Strong who said, "When a storm assaults a tree, it's the weakest boughs that fall. It's the rotten branch that crashes in the fury of the gale. When the storms of life come raging, bringing ruin in their train, it's the point where faith is weakest that collapses with the strain. . .Do look to your defences, and where time has worn them thin, mark the place that needs repairing, and before the storm begins, do the work of restoration. Do it now."

Very wise words indeed! You have of course heard them several times before in the common phrase, "A stitch in time saves nine." If you follow this prescription you will be able to get up each time you fall, and the little things you do daily will help you build up a resistance that will make you strong enough to survive the fight.

The fight of life is long, hard and very often tiring, but don't give up. If you are given the choice of two calamities, don't choose both. Be optimistic like my friend Allan, who married his secretary, thinking he would continue to dictate to her.

It's not difficult to stop growing old. It's not age that makes one old, but it's thinking that you are that gets you.

Recent research has proved that it's really after 60 that the body begins to grow old. You don't have to be like Alma. She discovered the secret of perpetual youth — she lies about it. That's not going to get you very far honey. Very soon you'll have your husband pleading with you to celebrate birthdays again. He doesn't want to grow old alone.

Maybe some of you go in for booze, thing that you are living mod. Remember the writing on the wall, but you are not steady enough to read it. People who suffer from bottle fatigue are only working their way down from bottoms up. It's one of those faults that make you wobble when the storm comes, and surely it will. Never forget that when you drink to everybody else's health, you are merely ruining your own.

A common fault today is to be a time serving friend. Old and trusted friends are to be valued more than gold. You just cannot afford to fool around with friendship. Friendship is like good alcohol. It improves with age. In real friendship one has to forget what one gives and remember what one gets. Most friends stick around until debt do them part. You just cannot live without good friends around you, and if you don't have any, take a look in the mirror and find out what's wrong with the person you see.

Every moment in life is a challenge. The fight's never over. We have to live happily moment to moment. Some women think that once they are married, life is no more adventurous. It's a pity to think so. As one husband put it so sadly, "The only thing that can make my wife look good is distance." Women should be prim and proper at all ages — prim and proper, not garish. My friend Noel ties her hair in an upsweep hairdo. It's hard to say where she swept it from.

Yes, the storm will come sooner or later. Begin the work of restoration now. Take an inventory and make a good job of the repairs lest you be tossed away in the gale.

And the best protection against old age is a smile — not only your own, but the one that you have made possible on someone else's face.

Until next time then.

MECHANICS
CARING FOR YOUR TWO-WHEELER

Continued from Page 63

2) Touch the threaded portion of the plug to some metallic surface of the engine and hold it pressed there.

Make sure you hold the plug by the ceramic stem only, because if you are touching/holding any metallic portion of the plug you will get an electric shock. Now kick the engine. You should see a bright spark at the plug gap.

If you are working in bright light/sunshine you might not be able to see the spark even though it occurs. In such a case shade the gap suitably by your hand or ask some one else to do it while you kick. If you see the spark, fit the plug back into the engine and screw it up tight. Chances are that the engine will start after about ten kicks.

If, however, the engine still does not start or no spark occurs at the plug gap while testing, chances are that the plug is bad or there is a defect in the wiring circuit. In that case there is no choice but to go to a mechanic.

GOING ON A JOURNEY

One generally does not travel long inter-city distances by scooter or mopeds, though there is no technical reason for not doing so. The only reasons could either be personal dislike of long distance riding, pure economics or accident risk. However, if your travel circuit takes you five kilometers away from the nearest mechanic, the following will help you save time and money :

a) Carry a pillion rider. He/she can be very helpful if something should go wrong.

b) As often as feasible, preferably daily, make a visual check of both front and rear tyres for any tell-tale nail/thorn or other sharp object embedded in your tyre. Also check air pressure in both these tyres as well as the spare tyre. Check for valve leak as explained for the car.

c) CARRY THE FOLLOWING WITH THE VEHICLE ALWAYS :

1) Spare tyre.
2) Spare gear cable.
3) Spare clutch cable.
4) Spare accelerator cable.
5) Spare spark plug.
6) Sandpaper or emery paper.
7) Pliers, screwdriver, two spanners, an old shaving blade and a piece of cloth.

It is generally worthwhile buying all the above things and keeping them with you in any case. The way prices are going up, a few years later the above items might cost as much as a whole new scooter costs today.

Remember that your vehicle will give you good service only if you maintain it well and it costs you next to nothing if you do it yourself. Don't go to a mechanic unless you are convinced you can't do it yourself. Mechanics have a way of talking jargon and if you are not wary you are liable to get taken for a ride — on your own vehicle — with somebody else in the driver's seat!

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

An Inter-House drama competition was held by Activity High School at the Tejpal auditorium recently. The show was held in aid of the school building fund. Curie House won the first prize for their play, "Nicodemus" and Cyrus Dhanbhoora was "Best Actor". The judges were Prof. G. C. Bannerji, Mrs. Mehra Vakil, and Miss Pushpa Iyengar.

* * *

The Leo Club of Bombay Vakola organised an inter-collegiate dramatic competition of one-act plays in Hindi at the Shree Bhaidas Sabhagriha. Eminent film maker Ramanand Sagar was the chief guest. The competition consisted of two elimination rounds held at Prithvi Theatre, Juhu, followed by the final show. In the elimination rounds five colleges competed on each day and out of the ten colleges, four were selected for the finals. Among the colleges that participated in the competition were Mithibai College of Arts and Chavan Institute of Science, Poddar College of Commerce and Economics, K. C. College of Arts and Science, and Burhani College of Commerce and Economics.

The winning colleges were presented with the Ramanand Sagar Rotating trophy and many other prizes.

* * *

Kusum Khona's 6th exhibition of Batik paintings held at the Taj Art Gallery was inaugurated by Mr. K. D. Fairley, Project Adviser of Sasmira. Miss M. L. A. Reinarz, of the Consulate General, Netherlands, presided over the function.

* * *

The Kamalnayan Bajaj Art Gallery sponsored a photography competition in celebration of the International Children's Year. The theme was Children — Hope For Tomorrow. An exhibition of the selected photographs was held at the gallery. Prof. Sadanand Varde, Minister for Education, Government of Maharashtra, presided over a function that was held to present prizes to the winners. Mrs. Pratibha Pawar was the chief guest.

* * *

Messrs. Milton's Limited, one of the largest manufacturers and exporters of readymade garments in India, have been awarded a Silver Plaque by the Government of Maharashtra for being the Best Exporter in the category of readymade garments during the year 1977-78.

Milton's have one garment unit, a hosiery unit and a plastics division and have a unique record of being a 100 per cent export-oriented unit with an almost consistent export performance year after year. During 1977-78, they exported garments worth Rs. 7.54 crores.

DELHI

A debate entitled "Discipline is a necessary evil" was organised for school children between the ages of 12 to 16, by the Committee of Education and Culture, National Council of Women in India. The judges were Mr. H. K. Dhomda, editor, "Contour", Mrs. Anima Bose, Professor at Cambridge and Mr. Radha Raman. The first prize went to Mr. Grover of Delhi Public School.

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1. Prof. G. C. Bannerji, former Head of the English Dept. University of Bombay, addressing the audience at an inter-house drama competition held by Activity High School, Bombay. Also seen (from left) are Miss P. Iyengar, Mrs. D. Doongaji, Principal; Mrs. M. Vakil and Mrs. M. Engineer.

2. Mr. A. H. Al-Shubaili, Consul general, Saudi Arabia, inaugurated an exhibition of paintings by Zenab Pathan in Bombay. Also seen (from left) are Dr. Rafiq Zakaria, Mr. H. H. Ismail; the artist and Dr. Najma Heptulla.

3. At the opening of the new OCM retail mill-showroom in Calcutta, Miss Rita Bibra, Manager, (3rd from left) displays carpets made from pure wool.

4. Mrs. K. C. Abraham inaugurated an exhibition of antique sarees organised by the Red Cross Women's Hospital Welfare Workers Committee in Hyderabad. Also seen is Mrs. Roda Mistry (extreme right) Minister for Women's Welfare, Andhra Pradesh.

CALCUTTA

Calcutta Round Table No. 4, a member of the international movement of young men's service clubs, presented the "Round Table — HMV Nite" at Hotel Hindustan International, to raise funds for their social service projects. The dinner-dance was sponsored by the Gramophone Company of India Limited. There was also non-stop disco dancing with HMV's disco lighting and music. An HMV stereo system was presented to the Round Table Queen, Suman Dutta.

* * *

At Anamika Kala Sangam's third annual dance festival, Yamini Krishnamurthy gave a scintillating performance of Bharata Natyam and Kuchipudi. Dressed in gay costumes and supported by a competent band of musicians, the Kerala Kala Mandalam gave a Kathakali recital too.

MADRAS

Mrs. Suman Seth, of the Eve's Cloth Center and Embroidery School held an exhibition and sale of needlework, embroidery and useful household items made by the pupils of her school.

* * *

"Peacock Dances" was the theme of an exhibition held by Rajesh Kumar at the Hotel Taj Coromandel. There were about forty pieces of glass and beads collages. The artist has spent about six years to produce the one-man show of beautiful wall hangings. This was the artist's first show.

OOTACAMUND

The Y.W.C.A. of India Project, Anandagiri, celebrated its golden jubilee at a gala function. After a high tea, there was a thanksgiving service graced by the Rt. Revd. Bishop J. Thangamuthu. M. Turner, Chairman of the Y.W.C.A. project, Anandagiri, welcomed the gathering. This was followed by speeches on "The Y.W.C.A. Around You" by Mrs. Enid Chitamber, Chairman, National Projects of the Y.W.C.A. of India, Mrs. Kuruvilla, President, Y.W.C.A. Ootacamund Eastbourne, and Helen Lakshmanan, Vice-President, S. E. Region, Y.W.C.A. of India. Beth Cooper, Treasurer, proposed a vote of thanks. Rowena Dique, Project Secretary, Anandagiri, organised the function.

HYDERABAD

"Menaka", an exclusive boutique in the city, organised two successive fashion shows in Hyderabad sponsored by APCO Fabrics which were highly successful. In addition, exhibition-cum-sales were held in Bombay, Madras, Bangalore, Pune, Hyderabad and Ahmedabad. Menaka boutique known for its unusual designs and beautiful silver jewellery also provides employment to women interested in embroidery, tailoring and handicrafts.

* * *

The Red Cross Women's Hospital Welfare Workers Committee organised a grand exhibition of antique sarees and textiles at Durbar Hall. The organisers were Mrs. Padmavati Tarmakdas and Mrs. Pramila Ben Govindas Shah. They belong to the family of Raja Bhagwandas Haridas, a noble of the erstwhile Hyderabad State. On display was also the famous 300 year old "Gadwal" saree, along with other beautiful and rare sarees and textiles.

Mrs. Elizabeth Abraham, Chairman of the Committee, inaugurated the show. Mrs. Roda Mistry, Minister for Women's Welfare, Government of Andhra Pradesh, presided over the function.

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5. At a meeting of the Lioness Club of Ahmedabad are seen (from left) Hon. Sec. Bharati R. Dekhatawala; Chief Guest Mr. Jayakrishnabhai Harivallabhdas; Mr. Vinit Parikh; Vice Pres. Dr. Sulochana V. Shah and Pres. Mrs. Usha P. Patel.

6. At a cocktail party hosted by "Holiday Inn", Agra, for PATA delegates, are seen (from left) Mr. V. K. Suri; Mr. Hazan; Mrs. Hazan; Mrs. D. Beall and Mr. Beall.

7. At a baby show organised by the Lioness Club of Madras 324 A and the Andhra Mahila Sabha are seen the proud mothers, with the chief guest, Selvi P. T. Saraswathy, (centre) Minister for Social Welfare, Tamil Nadu.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK NOV. 18 — NOV. 24

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A changeable twelvemonth, also a consolidating time when you will build on successes of the past year. Money trends are good, perhaps a new business venture or a partnership. Friends will help your affairs, so will relatives and colleagues. Heed the advice of worthwhile people but, follow your own judgement and intuition. Enjoyable social activity, also romance if single, exciting new plans if married. You will have short journeys. Interviews and meetings will tend to benefit you except in April/May.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — April 20)

This week, exciting for love life, is promising in several other directions. Be alert to opportunities, aim high. Domestic matters are well starred and vigorous influences in this sphere bring welcome changes.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)

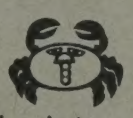
Mercury moves back into opposition to Taurus until mid-December, so a restless phase. Guard against careless mistakes, unwise involvement in the problems of others. Yet, signs for love and social life are excellent if you find the time!

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

A less pacy scene for a few weeks, but minor problems cashwise. You will be feeling extravagant, fall for doubtful bargains. Christmas shopping best at the end of November and early December. You will be very busy soon.

CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)

Put right any friction in a special relationship now or the situation will deteriorate. A week of happy changes, however, new meetings, pleasant surprises. Before committing yourself to a new social interest, find the cost.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Flirtation rather than real love, but meetings could lead to an important link. An unexpected happening on the 19th could bring profit or a beneficial domestic change. A time to meet new people.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Mars moves into your sign early in the week — a good portent for health, also for plans and ambitions. You will have plenty of energy and feel like exploring new possibilities. Stars could lead you along a new and exciting path!

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

You sense changes are on the way and become restless. Put this to use by getting around to doing what you have to! Yet, don't rush, for beneficial happenings will occur of their own accord.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You enjoy this week. If born around the 15th, there could be an unexpected change. Adapt yourself to changes for progress and enjoyment; vary activities. Communication brings benefits.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Venus, planet of love and happiness, and of luck, is in your sign until the end of November. Life will be busy and sociable. A generally happy period. Make the most of your charm and your chances!

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Romance on the way, if single. An invitation and an interesting proposition come to you. Cash trends promising, with planetary transits favouring you, things move in the right directions. Friendships are well starred.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Prospects look bright after recent troublesome times. Some loose ends still to be tied up to clear trivial dissatisfactions. Lucky times are on the way, also reward for efforts. A special goal which has been out of reach is now attainable.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Rather aggressive mood for some months ahead. It will be easy to quarrel with companions, and deplete vitality through nervous tension. Organise skilfully, try not to procrastinate or get involved in fruitless tasks.

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A RECENTLY BEREAVED WIDOW

The Dent

"Your cigarette butt has made a hole
in my sari.
You've ruined it," wailed I
some years back
when from a party we were returning.
You did smile,
"What about my heart?
You stole it when we stood before
the holy shrine,
didn't you?"
"My favourite sari. . ." I nagged.
But today I weep
watching the funeral pyre reach for
the skies.
You've left me alone, inconsolable
with an irrepairable dent in my heart.
Tell me, whom am I to nag?

I Am Not Superstitious

I did scoff when the dog did howl
"Bah! who believes in such a thing?
Can't the poor thing whine without
our remarks?"
No, I'm not superstitious — not I.
My little girl rushed and said,
"Oh, mama, how terrible!
Two lizards fell right on my head...
What should I do?"
"Just wash your head and quit worrying,"
was my reply. . . for
No, I'm not superstitious — not I.
"Is it lucky to dream of someone's
death?"
"It's lucky for the person who you
dreamt was dead,"
said dear Mama.
Prompt came my little one's retort
"I dreamt last night of daddy's death.
I saw him lying under the May flower
tree."
No, I'm not superstitious — not I.
I walked under the ladder.
"Don't!" shouted a friend. "It's inauspicious."
I tossed my head in mock reply,
Came the 29th of January. . .
My beloved was called by the Lord
Almighty.
I'm not superstitious. . . I'm not
superstitious. . .
I'm. . . I'm. . . I'm superstitious. . .
I am I am. . .

Nalini Chandran

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